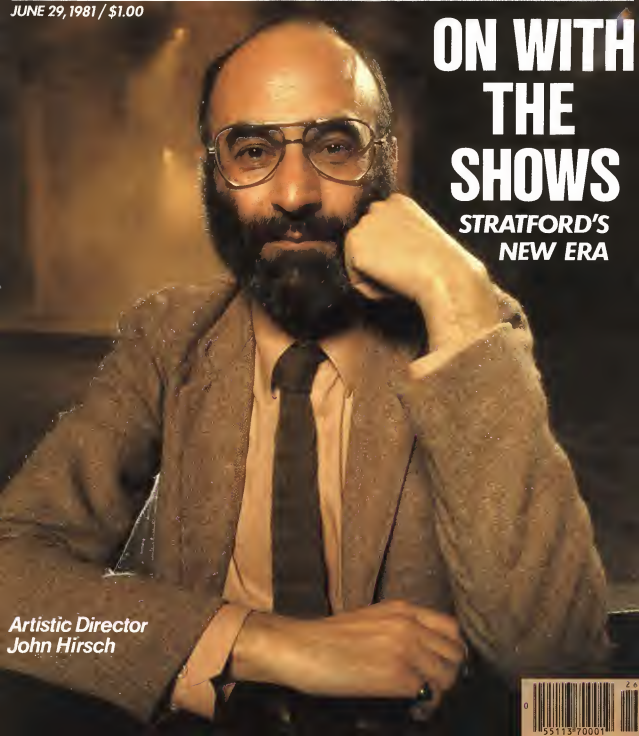


CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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**ON WITH
THE
SHOWS**
STRATFORD'S
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**Artistic Director
John Hirsch**



Framed carnage

This world was once outraged by pictures of bodies crated in concentration camps (El Salvador, Under the Volcano, Cover, June 10). However, now Vietnam the endless display of the dead has degraded our perspective. Bodies are now called guerrillas, freedom fighters, leftists, rightists, victims or the morning roundup. Until the world realizes that this is not the way human beings live, there, now, grunts/dons—confusion is at a standstill. There can be no hope for a peaceful world until it is universally accepted and proclaimed that the ultimate moral crime is the taking of a human life no matter in what, or for what, cause.

—N.G. HUTTON,
Birmingham, Ont.

Your article on Fabio Castillo, leader of the FRO of El Salvador, threw up the spectre of Ed Bradley on his Socialist International mission. What Castillo foresees, assuming his victory, is not multiparty electoral democracy but rather another variant of "dictatorship of the proletariat," one more case of the extreme left taking control and imposing a dictatorship. All extreme movements, whether of the right or the left, lead to the same result. For individualists, there is little to choose from Fascist, communist or socialist paths.

—HENRY S. WHEELER,
Guelph

PASSAGES



SENTENCED Viktor Boutinsky, 45, a leader of the Soviet Jewish emigration movement, to five years' virtual exile for defaming the state. It is expected the dissident scientist and co-editor of an underground journal on Soviet Jewish affairs will be sent to Siberia.

ELECTED Rajiv Gandhi, son of Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, to a parliamentary seat from the Amethi constituency in Uttar Pradesh state, India. Gandhi, 37, had a majority of 387,000 votes in the by-election. Mrs. Gandhi's Congress (I) Party retained four house seats and picked up a fifth held by the opposition.

APPRENTICE Hugh Hopper, 66, former deputy premier of Alberta and former federal-gov't transportation commis-



No hope for a peaceful world

Iliadical perversions

Your article *A Salute Over a Member of Spring* (Education, May 11) deals with the fact that I have taken the Ontario Crippled Children's Centre to the Supreme Court of Ontario. I have done this after a psychiatrist of crows and Australian federal minister of health wrote five letters on April 4, 1974, to Canadian federal ministers and the Ontario ministers of health and education and the attorney-general and later swore to the truth of his accusations in 1978. He is Dr. Douglas M. Everingham, who in his letters condemned the Ontario Crippled Children's Centre as the harshest terror for mistreating the mentally handicapped children by abuse

and illogical perversions of my symbol system called Hologram. This article is harmful to justice being done to me and to the mistreated children.

—CHAS. LEEK ELLEN,
Toronto/Sydney, Australia

Who's counting the fishes?

Alan Fotheringham's *Down for the Count* (Column, June 8) is reflective of a spoiled child lashing out after being rightly punished. He should not boast that he will not fully complete his 1981 census: nor sway others to do the same. The census is very important and everyone must do his part to keep our country running as smoothly as possible.

—JOHN K. CHRISTENSE,
Arlington, N.S.

Despite its political ineptness and a minority of cowardly bureaucrats, this country will always be a winner with change like Allan Fotheringham: scoring 700s.

—DARRELL S. PROVOY,
Nepesin, Min.

We had no way of striking back at the government for those crony questionnaires. Allan Fotheringham did it for us. That and more!

—MARG HODGSON,
Hawson, Ont.

A fox and grand pos

Barbel Macmillan is Harold Macmillan's granddaughter and daughter (People, June 22). Her pos is the Right Honourable Maurice Macmillan, MP.

—DAVID SCOTT ATKINSON,
Toronto



RECALLING U.S. Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart 66, after serving more than 22 years. The first high court vacancy since 1875 gives President Ronald Reagan

an opportunity to appoint a conservative. Reagan's campaign promises to appoint a woman "doesn't guarantee" a woman will be found, and a senior White House aide.

REMEMBERING Pope John Paul II, for further diagnosis of a persistent fever. The Pope's doctors have been complaining that he has been overworking and needs more rest, preferably in bed.

DOWN Brig-Gen William Proctor Gilbride, 70, Canadian frontier and botanist, in Toronto, Ont. Awarded the "Millington" Service Medal following the Second World War, he later became chairman of Grifone Group Ltd. and a trustee of the Ontario Jockey Club.



CRASHED Leon Spinks, 27, former world heavyweight boxing champion, with carrying a concealed weapon in a motor vehicle, after a 307 machine revolver shot him off at the gun court of Spain's Civil War when Detroit, Mich., police stopped him for driving with expired plates.



More than a Wounded Knee

Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's refusal to recognize aboriginal rights regrettably reflects the attitude of many Canadians who believe aboriginals are a defeated people who long ago lost all their rights (*Preamble From the North, Cover, June 1*). His comment, "no society can be built on historical might-have-beens," is based on the false assumption that the issue has already been resolved. There are many traditional rights which have neither been extinguished by native people nor negotiated by treaty.

—GREGORY CHAN,
Winnipeg, Que.

Trudeau was right in 1980, "no society can be built on historical might-have-beens." Logically, native people either have "aboriginal rights" to all of Canada or to none of it. If we allow \$6,000 natives to tell 34 million Canadians what we do we'll get exactly what we deserve—half a country. —DAVID HENNEY,
London, Ont.

Congratulations on your cover story reminding us all of Canada's greatest piece of unfulfilled business—resolution of aboriginal rights. It is not ironic that we refer to this as "native land claims" as if it were some kind of simple real estate deal to get native people onto new reserves (land out of our way)? Oh that the native people of today's frontier could strike a comparable deal to that given OIK so that they too could have a real say in the future of our country and their homeland. —JIM GAMBIE,
Ottawa

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Billy Diamond might have been

Many Canadians don't know the benefits natives have in the country. They pay no taxes (while on reserves), have free medical and dental care, housing assistance, free university education and hunting and fishing rights, just to name a few. These land claims are just the current items on their demand list. Indians always seem to receive everything they ask for and it's about time somebody said no. —GREGORY CHAN,
Brampton, Ont.

It's nationalistic to go

My article *Propose Cars Are Withdrawing the Road* (Energy, June 1) missed the point in Canada, as in the U.S., it is the Canadian-owned independents that are limiting the way in alternative fuels such as gasoline and power. It is not the foreign-owned multinational. Multinationals thus continue its policy to promote Canadian culture, but to ignore Canadian-owned businesses they won't survive without the state.

—JAMES B. COOPER,
Toronto

Twice bitten, once shy

Thank God for the Ontario Court of Appeal (*A Tale That Wags the Dog, Cover, June 8*). After being threatened, chased and bitten by two different dogs in a matter of four months I must cheer and applaud its decision. —D GAMBIE,
St. Catharines, Ont.

A kick before kick-off

Your article *The Proving Post of Professionalism* (Commentary, April 28) contains several inaccurate references to the relationship between the Nestlé company and Canadian Fur

the record, Nestlé has been involved with the College Bowl, and to a lesser degree with Canave, for the past six years. The cost of this involvement has been many times greater than \$50,000. But Toronto fund-raiser Peter Gordon has never had to expose or even mention the Nestlé company to honor its commitment to the annual College Bowl fund-raising activity. Similarly, the relationship between Canave and Nestlé has always been cordial.

—E.H. PETERSON,
Director of Public Affairs,
Nestlé Enterprises Ltd.,
Don Mills, Ont.

A mushrooming vote for life

It seems that a Third World War between the two superpowers is inevitable (*Facing the Blue Water Threat, Q&A, June 8*). The only reasonable alternative is nuclear disarmament. The past 30 years have revealed the futility of asking politicians to do this, so the people of the world should demand a global referendum. In the name of peace, justice, democracy and in the name of freedom to live we must support such a referendum.

—J. WILLIAM VAN DER STOFF,
Brampton, Ont.

For the persons by the persons

Given the innovative and experimental nature of the original concept of CSO-2 (*Winners for an Eye in the Sky, Canada, June 8*)—a non-commercial alternative Canadian television service for audiences with specialized interests and needs—it's worth noting that your description of "this no-man, television-2 planning staff" is not exact. Half of those six "men" are women.

—SARAH CREAM,
CAROL MCINTYRE,
KEELY WELLS—
CSO-2 Development,
Toronto

The devil onstage

How could anyone permit such so-called fancy remarks by a couple of self-called critics—Lawler and Coopers—who descend to the level of caricature in their reactions (*People, June 8*)? The blessed Virgin Mary and her all-holy Son, Jesus Christ, already have to endure so much insult and mockery from the world of sinners. How can two citizens of this Christian land dare to use their holy names in an all-right manner?

—R.E. LAYTON,
Richmond, B.C.

Letters are edited and may be condensed.
Letters should include name, address and daytime number. Mail correspondence to Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 121 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5G 1A7.

Can you spot the money here? What is money, anyway?

Trade has existed throughout time. Some forms of payment have proved wildly impractical, others wonderfully simple.

I imagine this: You walk into a supermarket and fill your basket. Then you find the manager and offer to pay for your groceries with a wall-hanging you've won at yourself.

If we didn't have money, that kind of transaction would be commonplace. And very unwise.

Yet the barter system was our earliest method of exchanging goods. People traded goods they had for goods they wanted.

As society became more complex, the barter system became ridiculously cumbersome. It was inevitable that someone would invent money.

A form of exchange.

In its simplest terms, money is an instrument to goods and services.

Throughout history and throughout the world, money has taken many broad and wonderful forms: gold, silver, beads, coconuts, even whiskey! To them were all regarded as valid units of currency. In the early days of Canada, wampum, furs and playing cards were important means of exchange.

But the most widely used money was grain, cattle, metals and shells—particularly bright, ornamental seashells called cowrie shells, which were used for thousands of years.

The inventive Chinese made coins as early as 900 to 800 B.C. out of copper discs, and stamped them to show their value. "Cash"—a noun



Everything in this picture represented money at some time or another

which endures today—was the name given by British residents in the East to native coins of small value and particularly to the copper coinage of China.

Receipts became paper money.

Of all the available metals, gold was among the scarcest. It was easy to hammer into coins, so it became the most accepted and desirable form of money.

But it was not without its problems. Gold coins were impractical for small purchases such as a loaf of bread, and gold in quantity was too heavy to carry around conveniently, so the gold

smiths began to store gold and issue receipts for it.

Eventually most business took place via the gold receipts. This was the genesis of paper money. And it was only a matter of time before some enterprising goldsmiths started issuing receipts in excess of the gold they actually had on hand.

From banknotes to cheques to credit cards.

Again, with banknotes (the modern successor to gold receipts), large transactions were cumbersome, so banks offered deposit accounts with chequing privileges.

It was a logical step from cheques to consumer credit cards and both represent purchasing power without visible cash.

Putting money to work.

If we think of money as nothing but a medium of exchange, we overlook its most dynamic aspect. For when money has been saved it can be loaned (or invested) in a variety of ways and other forms of credit. In this way it can be put to work actively to keep the economy flowing. And when money goes to work, it helps us all.

Human nature being what it is, we probably all think we're entitled to more money than we have, and that we earn. But next time you go shopping you can at least be thankful that you don't have to pay for your purchases with coconuts, seashells—or a handful of whales' teeth.

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A new play for the big grab

'Some MPs do not want to discuss their wages, let alone raises, at all'

By Angus Rickard

There is never a "proper" time for members of Parliament to get a pay raise. Simply put, their constituencies won't stand for it. So some ever-resourceful MPs scheme a good deal with regard to the least-improper time for a raise—and one of those times is right now. The all-party MPs' pay-rates lobby is well aware of public blood-boiling over congressional raises, as it always goes for the big bundle after a general election, because if a week is a long time in politics, as Sir Harold Wilson once cynically noted, then the public's four years to forget between elections is an MP's sweetest evening. So let on a pay raise: few warring always ends at survival and reward.

To dress the crisis up a bit, the MPs' raise is proposed by a "blue-ribbon" panel of businessmen et, in this case,



two former MPs—Conservative Lord Balcer, now an Ottawa lobbyist, and Liberal Cliff Melness, a Saskatchewan veterinarian who sits on the Canadian Dairy Commission—who, last December, delivered the report that recommended that MPs' salaries increase to a "maximum" of \$40,000 from the three-level of \$30,000. With allowances for inflation, the panel indicated the final amount would be "about \$50,000" by 1994.

By unobtrusively publishing these figures, the panel took its cue from the other 1984, of novelist George Orwell, where the corruption of politics proceeds through the corruption of language. In such slogans as WAR IS PEACE and FREEDOM IS SLAVERY. An appropriate translation into Orwellian newspeak of the Balcer-Melness report is MP IS POVERTY. Yet, instead of getting "about \$50,000," the fully indexed (at, say, 30 per cent) MP will enter 1984 earning \$50,000, a figure that would consist of \$30,500 in salary, \$11,000 in tax-free expenses and a \$9,000 tax-free housing allowance.

In addition to the raise proposal, the panel recommends an expansion of already generous fringe benefits, including up to six months' severance pay for defeated MPs, increased constituency travel expenses and some needed improvements in other expense allowances. The report also advocates pension reform, which might be considered as a separate bill. MPs' pensions are often criticized as being too rich for the few who get the top rate. In 1978, Donald MacDonald retired after 18 years in Parliament at the age of 48 on \$15,300 a year to enter corporate law. When he reaches 60, including at a conservative seven per cent could push that amount up to \$28,000 annually. However, the median MP's pension currently ranges from \$5,000 to \$4,000 a year. But as the pay-rates bill looms in the House of Commons (nearly timed just before a recess), Phase 2 of the lobby will ask for some glib reasons for a big cash raise.

MPs will search their consciences and their bank statements and come up with reasons to justify the increase.

They will argue that they cannot afford to be MPs on their present salaries—\$32,500 plus \$14,000 in tax-free expenses (the average industrial wage in Canada, as measured by the industrial composite index, is \$17,000). They will say that they don't make nearly as much as some of the civil servants they oversee and that their salaries aren't worthy of a third-rate lawyer. But basically, all these arguments collapse into a single stand-by: "How can you attract good people to the job if the pay isn't what they can earn elsewhere?" To which Sir House Leader Stanley Knowles, who has seen them all since 1942, replies dryly: "There never seems to be any shortage of candidates for the job."

What the Balcer-Melness pay recommendations really do is keep the job safe for highly paid professionals. Contrary to the panel's reasoning, MPs are not a specialist elite; rather they are elected as generalists to represent all Canadians—and most Canadians witness face a decline in living standards in the next three years of a no-growth economy. Why should our elected representatives be any different?

Furthermore, federal government negotiators are trying to impose less-than-inflation-rate pay increases on the public service unions. Settlements of nine per cent are typical of the contracts being negotiated by the Treasury Board this year.

By explicitly saying "every man for himself," MPs will turn their backs on those with the wage-bargaining power. The last general increase for Canada's poorest postmen-

was a Guaranteed Income Supplement raise in Jan. 1980 of \$35 a month (\$420 annually) per household. A cost-of-living increase for all senior citizens on April 1, 1981, averaged \$7 a month. With each tiny cash increase built into the public welfare system, it is obvious why some MPs do not want to discuss their wages, let alone their raises, at all. Are MPs worth more money? Yes, and they did receive an automatic seven-per-cent increase of \$2,100 in salary and \$900 in expenses on Jan. 3.

Yet I have no doubt the pay-rates lobby will ultimately win. In Phase 3 of the lobby, the MPs will reemerge, right on schedule from the mass strategists on salaries, that the Balcer-Melness recommendations are too rich, particularly after they have been slammed by broadcast commentators and editorial writers. After linking a few more hard-luck stories, such as the one about the six MPs who allegedly slept on their Parliament Hill offices last spring because they couldn't afford Ottawa apartments, the lobby will probably climb down a couple of thousand dollars, close ranks and rise as an amended bill through the House, Stanley Knowles and a few others notwithstanding. Politics is, after all, the art of compromise.

Angus Rickard is a writer and researcher who works in Ottawa for NDP MP Stan Hendrie.



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PROFILE: JEAN CARIGAN

A national treasure in retirement

A dark-haired nine-year-old boy sat shivering at the bus stop for three hours he had been watching the dilapidated grey house across the street, waiting to ask the fiddler he had once heard to be his teacher. He crossed the street and sat on the doorstep, where he couldn't be missed. Finally, the fiddler appeared. For the next four years he was the only music teacher the boy would ever have.

The boy was Jean Carignan and the teacher, Quebec master fiddler Adolphe Allard. In four years Carignan mastered Allard's repertoire, and continued to learn on his own by listening to the records of great Irish and Scottish fiddlers. Carignan went on to become one of the world's greatest fiddlers. He has received the Order of Canada and, although he cannot read music, an honorary doctorate in music from McGill University. Yet another Montrealer, the celebrated violinist, devoted a complete show to Carignan in his television series, *The Music of Man*. Says Montreal "He is the most extraordinary character and violinist I know. Sometimes one loses so much as one gains by formal training in music—Jean brings to music something equally valuable—melodic gifts and rhythms. He belongs to a people, a culture, a land. The power of the music moved him and made him."

He may be Montreal's hero, but Jean Carignan, 64, has largely earned his

living in textile factories, construction jobs and, briefly, driving his own taxicab in Montreal for 22 years. His wife of 41 years, Ida, worked in a Senguen's clothing factory for 27 years, and the couple now lives in a comfortable three-bedroom bungalow south of Montreal. Years of heavy construction work have caused irreparable damage to the nerves leading to Carignan's ears. Because of growing deafness and anger with the music industry, he has not performed publicly since his retirement in 1978, though he still plays at home and with friends. Known for his volatile temper, Carignan is now a somewhat bitter recluse. Nevertheless, he welcomes visitors cordially, and produces a fine bottle of *Paula d'Amour* from his well-stocked wine cellar. "We are as snug here as two cooshers," says Ida as she looks across the living room at

her husband, contentedly puffing on one of the 65 pipes from his collection, and stroking his little black dog, Prince. "But, you know, some days he drives me crazy when he has nothing to do. He can only walk his dog so much."

Downstairs in the grey-panelled music room, Carignan opens his violin case. It holds two violins, his own, a Paul Kaul made in France in 1926, and a much humbler one which was his father's. Recalls Carignan: "He kept it under the bed so we would not touch it, but that did not stop me. Sometimes I would break a string and my father would give me the hand like that," he says, mimicking a solid spanking. "I don't blame him. In these days you couldn't get the five cents for a new string. There was no work. But my wife, who worked in the factory making suits, saw there one day when my father was going to bed. She said if I broke a string she would pay for it from now on. Ah, what a release!"

Jean left school at age 8 and began playing on Montreal street corners to help support his desperate poor family. This was illegal, and he was arrested, once 11 times in one day. By chance, he heard his first classical music from a café juke box, and spent his entire supper money listening to more. "In those days records cost \$1.50 new I didn't have that kind of money, but when I had saved up a quarter I would

go to the Salvation Army store. I could buy them for 5, 10 or 15 cents."

George Wade, leader and caller of Canada's top country dance band in the 1950s, drew Carignan into the entertainment world. Wade had lured his car at a stop sign in Montreal when he heard 16-year-old Jean playing during his lunch break from the cabinet shop where he was apprenticing. "The Kid Fiddler," as he became known, toured Canada with Wade's *Corn Huskers* from 1951 to 1957. The 12-member band taught him to speak English and to read, using the newspaper in the hotel room at night.

Carignan gained increasing acclaim as a musician, but never widespread popularity. Particularly in Quebec, where bluegrass and country and western are popular, his traditional folk albums have not sold well, and this made him bitter. Carignan has also antagonized some Quebec musicians with his claims that French-Canadian tunes are rooted in the Gaelic music of Scotland and Ireland and the music of France, which are his specialties. Says Carignan: "Some of them don't play it because it is so difficult, so they say it is not our music. Ha! We never invented it, our ancestors brought it over."

Carignan's repertoire of more than 3,000 tunes is all in his head. His adherents believe it is urgent to preserve his achievements before he loses his hearing completely. Five years ago, Calvin Roth, then concert master of the Montreal Symphony, suggested videotapes be used to record Carignan. The National Museum of Man in Ottawa, transfixed over 300 of Jean's tunes on short music, but Roth says the music must be seen as well as heard. His intricate Gaelic bowing techniques dates from at least the 17th and 18th centuries, and is accompanied by rhythmic footwork or "dooping."

Carignan, who is often too proud to wear his hearing aid, refuses to apply for the estimated \$100,000 it would cost to make the videotapes. His hearing comes and goes unpredictably. Occasionally, he has focused on his concerns as earbuds when made or any sound suddenly became a painful roar. "I cannot sit there like that! The demonstration by plugging his ears! I feel as bad made as I drive home alone." There is no self-pity, however, so he contemplates the loss of his music. Carignan even jokes about returning to his original craft, he learned while touring. But when the music dies for Carignan, a rare art will be lost. Laurence Roth: "No one else in North America can play as he does. It is a treasure not just for Quebec, but for all Canada."

GILLIAN BRYANT

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THERE'S MORE FUTURE IN A
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Pouring a new mould for world aid

By Elizabeth Grey

"**R**eturning, there is only one clear, overarching thought: growth doesn't explain. Your work has been that of a poet, discerned and valued, straining at the end of a top rope against a dystopian, powerful, starving, self-interest, weak, ancient, immensely human, knowing and surprisingly uncombed elephant."

The soul-searching poet who wrote that is Canadian man-of-letters Dave Gaffney, author, publisher and professor of creative writing at the University of Victoria. His battle with the elephant is his eloquent description of working in Cape Coast, Ghana, in the early '80s as a volunteer teacher with Canadian University Services Overseas (CUSO), a unique organization that celebrates its 20th birthday this month. He is one of 8,000 volunteers who have followed the CUSO motto, "To serve and to learn." From the middle-class comfort of Hamilton, Swift Current, Kamloops or Shawinigan to the mind-boggling, soul-wrenching difference of Cote d'Ivoire, Dar es Salaam, Opatonkane and Tucking House of those parts have indeed had all but disappeared into the bland, complacent Canadian landscape. But not all.

CUSO was born out of heated study-group discussions in British Columbia, Montreal and at the University of 70 Toronto campus where they were led by Fred Skusean, a Conservative MP, and a graduate student named Keith Spence, later to be Canada's first language commissioner. When CUSO began, "Third World" was not even part of the jargon, let alone "North-South." Volunteers raised their own expenses, \$2,000 a head for one year. It was not until 1984 that the Canadian government helped out with \$5 million in RCAF transport planes. Today CUSO runs a \$14.65/line budget, \$51 million of which comes from CUSO (Canadian International Development Agency), Ottawa's sprawling development bureaucracy which was set around when CUSO was born.

Since the first 15 volunteers left Toronto for Asia in August, 1963, CUSO has played a model role in the politics of development in Canada and abroad. Its programs are rapid, techniques borrowed and its facilities used by major international agencies. Its graduates are everywhere but figure most prominently at the centre of the Canadian



Cuban cattle bred from Canadian Holsteins (top), Turoli in this refugee camp

international development community which in the 1980s is becoming a growth industry. If CUSO has pruned that growth industry, it also embodies the tensions and philosophical differences that bedevil this area of foreign policy. As the government's recent decision to pull its CUSO money out of Cuba indicates, the questions of aid and political compatibility are as difficult to solve as they were in the early '60s when Dave Broadhead and Ian Seiffle left CUSO, as Broadhead puts it, "in search of a new world." That turned out to be Inter Pares, a smaller, more flexible agency that Seiffle founded a few years later. Broadhead took over Inter Pares when Seiffle left in 1979 to return to CUSO as its 11th executive director.

What drove both Seiffle and Broadhead away from CUSO was their belief that too many CUSO programs served Canada better than the needy countries

for which they were designed. Says Broadhead: "Offering to develop agriculture with Canadian tractors and fertilizers is no different from fishing. Efficiency or ineffectiveness with Canadian teachers or health workers. What we were beginning to hear in the field was that these countries wanted our help to do it themselves. And CUSO is the only 'We was slow to change.'"

Change was slow to come and it was controversial. Throughout its second decade CUSO thrashed through its own ideological debate, internal management problems and outside political pressures. Volunteers in its French wing, SUCCO, did not help by advocating support for Quebec nationalists (The two have since split into separate organizations). Firings, layoffs and budget cuts followed an external review of management procedures. CUSO field

workers pushed for self-sufficiency in developing countries. Industry, Trade and Commerce, backed up by the business community, argued that trade must follow aid. And External Affairs mandarins grumbled when the media labelled CUSO as "soft on terrorism" for its work in the guerrilla-run refugee camps that sprang up on the borders of Ian Smith's Rhodesia. By 1978, CUSO had nearly changed its "Think matters on 'Liberation Support' to 'Refugee Relief'" and both sides have since maintained a cordial stand-off. At the Zimbabwe Independence Day ceremonies in April, 1980, one of the special guests was David Boer, the CUSO field officer who had spearheaded the work in the Tlo with Patriotic Front refugee camps. Another guest was Mark MacGugin, Canada's secretary of state for external affairs, and it was there who introduced MacGugin to members of the new government.

MacGugin may well think wistfully of his CUSO guide on that fateful day when black South Africans celebrate their independence. But CUSO's appeal for government funding for the southern Africa refugee camps has not abated. The difference here is that Canada recognizes the South African regime of P. W. Botha. It did not recognize the breakaway government of Ian Smith.

And then there's Cuba, where MacGugin recently waived his chance for a CUSO introduction to Fidel Castro should he ever visit one. Since 1971, Canadian agriculturalists and language teachers have been part of a \$250,000-a-year program that has brought Cuban cowboys to ride the ranges of the Holstein-Friesian Association in Reagon, Ont., and produced a Spanish-English technical dictionary. One result of the CUSO program is that most Cuban pigs have Canadian coats, and most tropical cattle herds developed over the past decade are pure Canadian Holsteins. Cuba's cattle-breeding expertise, enriched by Canada, is now being transferred throughout Africa and Latin America. But so are Cuban armies. And MacGugin's rationale last year when he put an end to \$15 million of government funding for Cuban in Cuba was clear. If Cuba is going to divert its own resources to military intervention in foreign countries, then Cuba can look after its own pigs.

If Cuban pigs are now pasture no greater with the Canadian government, there are other problems on the horizon. But Seiffle has the satisfaction of knowing, as he guides CUSO into its third decade, that the new mould, if not yet set, has at least been poured. Volunteers are still going into the field but there are half as many of them, they are

older than they were 20 years ago and they are more likely to be technical specialists than English professors. In the KabChing Refugee Camp in northeast Thailand for 8,500 homeless Karenese, one CUSO field office, Paul Turoli of Quebec, works with Thai doctors, nurses and volunteers. Through CUSO's \$700,000 (from CIDA, the Alberta and B.C. governments and private donors), Canada became the first country to give the Thais the wherewithal to manage their own staggering refugee problem.

A product of both old and new CUSO moulds, Seiffle has a story that applies

to both: "When I was teaching in Kilda, Serra Leone, in 1967, I thought I was filling a gap that would close in 10 years. But one of my students from Kilda was in Ottawa recently at Carleton University and he told me there are three schools there now instead of one and the windows are broken and the lab equipment gone and the teachers unpaid. Now the Serra Leone government is paying CUSO \$100,000 to train local teachers and start adult literacy courses. Because you see, all my anonymous schoolmates in Kilda did was make the gap bigger." □

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Sowing seeds of success

George Atkins' broadcasts enable farmers to help each other



George Atkins has a radio audience that would make most broadcasters envious. At last count it was 800 million, and that doesn't include the recent addition of service to the People's Republic of China, which receives transmissions from Radio Australia's Swan better, though, it is an audience that does more than just listen. The broadcast material puts food on the tables in parts of the world where just managing to exist is considered a major achievement.

Atkins, 68, is the heart and soul of the Developing Countries Farm Radio Network (DCFN), a nonprofit organization operating on an annual budget of \$107,253. Originally set up as a public-service project by Massey-Ferguson Ltd., DCFN now operates as a joint project of that company, the University of Guelph and the Canadian International Development Agency, with costs being approximately 75 per cent of the funds.

Twice a year, Atkins makes emergency expeditions to the Third World—Central and South America, Asia and Africa—no gather agricultural tips from farmers. When he returns to his Guelph, Ont., home, he tapes the various techniques learned from his travels. The tapes are then translated into French and Spanish and sent, along with manuscripts and illustrations, to 300 farm broadcasters in more than 80 countries around the world. Third World broadcasters translate the scripts into their own tongues and transmit them to their farmers. In Zambia, the material is read to seven



Atkins (right) modified plough for sowing seeds, fertilizing and plowing all at once; approach is a practical one

native languages in Uganda, 10.

The seed was planted in 1977 when Atkins joined Massey-Ferguson for a special 18-month assignment to compile information on climatic changes around the world and to determine the effects of climate on agriculture. He learned many things on this trip, but his biggest discovery led to the founding of DCFN two years ago. "There I was," says Atkins, "talking about some layers, solar radiation and the circulation of the atmosphere when the only concern of Third World farmers was the growing of sweet food. I realized then that sub-sistence-level farmers can't use our technology. We were sending them modern tractors, but no one bothered to ask where they would get fuel. They removed the front wheels and attached them to a cart pulled by oxen. The tractors just sat there."

Atkins, who also owns a 100-acre farm near Berris, Ont., decided that any farmer could communicate with farmers in Libya, Bangladesh and Niger. The key was radio—in Africa there is one radio for every 10 people, compared to one newspaper for every 200. Radios are also cheap. In Fiji, a transistor costs under \$4, and batteries are 30 cents each.

Atkins' philosophy is helping others to help themselves. His approach is a practical one. "I am not sending them our technology," he says. "They can't use it. Every bit of information I send comes from the Third World itself. It shows them how to increase production."



Putting tractor wheels to good use: No one asked where they would get fuel

and cut down on waste—what good is a yield of 30 bushels of grain if 15 are eaten by rats? Farmers must know how to get rid of rats, not to mention weevils and other insects. They must learn how to plant and irrigate. They must learn that too much sun can ruin a crop."

Farmers from one developing nation can help those in another, many of their farming techniques are ingenious, though simple. In West Africa, farmers bind pieces of bamboo together using soft bark and reeds, forming an irrigation system from bamboo water pipes. In Papua, New Guinea, farmers use short sections of bamboo to catch fish; they cut off one end of a hollow pipe, place white ant eggs inside to serve as bait, and the next morning the bamboo is full of fish. In some African and South American countries, hollow logs, coated on the inside with benzoin, are hung from trees, and the first season of bees in the vicinity immediately builds a hive there providing the farmer with instant honey.

"Look at India," says Atkins. "The dry season is so long that everything would die, but the farmers make a hole in the ground and cover grass to keep the groundwater up. The grass keeps and is used during the dry season to feed the cows. What an excellent idea—and one that farmers in Nigeria, Chile, the Philippines and many other places could use, if they knew about it. Now they do. I just act as the catalyst."

—JERRY ANDROS

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THIRTEEN MEALS & BEVERAGES including soft drinks and locally brewed	or	FOURTEEN MEALS & BEVERAGES including soft drinks and locally brewed
APPROXIMATELY 10-12 PM From 11:00 AM to 12:00 PM	or	APPROXIMATELY 10-12 PM From 11:00 AM to 12:00 PM
CHINESE & JAPANESE Cuisine with Bar and Lounge	or	CHINESE & JAPANESE Cuisine with Bar and Lounge
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CANADA

On to unfinished business

The quest for an industrial strategy: Trudeau wants to outdo Sir John A.

By Ian Anderson

There was perhaps a subtle message in the way Pierre Trudeau tossed his classic 1969 Montreal rapier just the evening before he was on the way to joining his cabinet. All

most exactly two years ago was the last time he had driven it publicly—and then it was the symbol of his newfound freedom as he handed over power to Joe Clark at Government House after 11 contentious years as prime minister. Now he was meeting his cabinet for the annual summer think-in at Montclair, in the peaceful California hills north of Ottawa. And now he could back in the pleasure of good opinion polls, a happy Liberal party and the prospect of a summer and autumn of international exposure. Fresh from the party's policy conference, policy chairman Louis Marleau was giving her version of Trudeau's newfound serenity: "Boy, the party likes it," said the University of Toronto sociology professor. "I don't think I've ever seen the membership so happy." As for Trudeau's promised retirement, Marleau brushed it off as "the furthest thing from our minds."

From all indications it may also be the furthest thing from Trudeau's. Any disappointment he felt at the Supreme Court of Canada's decision to return for the summer before rendering its ruling on the legality of Trudeau's constitutional proposals cooled out Thursday in videotaped exchanges with the "morally bankrupt" Joe Clark and "jerk" John Crosbie. But he left the hubbub of the House behind to dash to Europe this week to discuss next month's economic summit in Ottawa, the most prestigious gathering of foreign leaders he has ever hosted.

The Montclair sessions used to loom much larger in the summer's political calendar. They were designed to set the government's priorities for the fall and winter. While the cabinet talked boldly this spring of Trudeau's intention to devote his government's



Trudeau: tale of a grand design and a lot of spooked businessmen

energies toward designing an industrial strategy for the country, such intentions seem thwarted by tight budgets and political realities. There remains the suspicion, however, that Trudeau and his principal ministers—Allan Rock, Brian Mulroney and Jean Chrétien—will intend to leave their mark on the country's economy in the way Sir John A. Macdonald did with the originally coherent industrial strategy the country has had—the century-old National Policy, which raised tariff barriers and isolated western industrial development in favor of promoting manufacturing in Central Canada.

With all the talk of an industrial grand design, businessmen are actually spooked. "Everyone's sitting out there wondering what's going to come down from Ottawa," says the Canadian Manufacturers' Association's executive vice-president, Larry Thibault. "We're all just guessing." At the front of their minds is the rise with which Ottawa bailed through its National Energy Program (NEP), an unprecedented piece of industrial intervention which successfully tilted the game in favor of Canadian companies. But Ottawa seems more hesitant in taking the next step, despite its belief that there is a strong underlying current of public support. "Industrial what?" giggles a Liberal backbencher who confides that the caucus has no grading of primary resources and industry. Minister Herb Gray is negotiating to replace the \$2.75-billion industrial policy proposal absorbed by the cabinet last fall. "Yes, we could afford it," suggests a senior finance department bureaucrat. "But not without a lot of privatisation in other areas."

That message may seem like spall criticism to business executives whose broad tones indicate they feel like the rubber ball at the end of the Wham-O mallet. Government insiders indicate that there is still a desire by key members of Trudeau's inner circle to alter radically the structure of Canadian industry—particularly in terms of exports, research and development, upgrading of primary resources and foreign ownership. As Marleau puts it, there is in the party a "spirit for making some change in the country." But there exists no plan for doing it, aside from highly interventionist proposals from Herb Gray.

For the moment, however, cabinet appears bent more toward the author,

Maclean's
JULY 14/21 1981



Quebec

Big guns for little fishes

By David Thomas

The midnight noise dissolved the searchlight's narrow beam only a few metres ahead of the Miramichi's anchor as it swept the dark estuary. Searching against the fine droplets, Frank Martin spent the first half-hour of a morning last week making the strange feast supporting his salmon net in the dark waters separating Quebec and New Brunswick near the Restigouche River joins the Bay des Chaleurs. The Indian fisherman's patience was pre-

judicial law promoted by Senator Horace Andrew (Bud) Olsen, the scorpioneered boss of the 100 bureaucrats at the tiny, powerful ministry of state for economic development. The Alberta rancher and former Social Creditist wants the relief given a then he promises business there will be no 100-style intervention—but only so long as "companies do their job and invest in Canada to maximize the benefits to Canadians." That message has also been conveyed to business by consultants such as Henry Swing of the Canada Consulting Group. A graduate of the Harvard business school, Swing suggests business study the government's action behind the river and determine how it can lead Ottawa toward mutually acceptable goals, rather than stay taciturn and be dragged. With Italy and Britain, Canada is stuck in the so-called "second tier" of industrial countries, having a limited domestic technology base and, according to the Bowser Council of Canada, scant chance of joining the United States and Japan in tier one. In 1980,

Canada imported nearly \$18 billion more manufactured goods than it exported, and the Bowser Council warned the government last fall that "the dismal trend in this trade is of profound concern."

In this stagnating living tactic to Ottawa's "harvest" these few foreign-owned companies, such as Westinghouse and Black & Decker, that have allowed their Canadian subsidiaries to develop a world market for their products. In this manner they enlarge the Canadian content of their goods and cushion their factories against downturns in the small Canadian economy. In its own self-interest, says Swing, business should adapt itself to meeting government economic goals—to turn satisfactory to business. "One of the things business needs to understand is that government is the only other market," he proposes. "You have to appeal to it. You have to be there first."

Given the present business of the Trades Liberal, such consultancy advice may be hard for business to swallow. Trudeau himself has talked recently of the "two attitudes" of business and government. This has been echoed by Tom d'Aquino, a former Trudeau aide who now sits as president of the Business Council on National Issues. An umbrella group of the country's most senior chief executives, d'Aquino's answer to business is to take an approach "intergovernmental relationship, with avoidance of the traditional chattering of special-interest groups." Such advice will be put to the test this fall, as Ottavians inevitably turn the gas toward industrial change. The business community is well warned to remember Pierre-Charles Charbonneau Bill Hagger's advice to the government—that the wheel that speaks loudest gets the most grease. And no one should be surprised when Ottawa's economic ministers start speaking much louder than they do now. □

Murdoch: "Way, the party has it"



snated by crisp spits of tobacco juice until, finally, the man was spotted by his young son (see left) but by his son Martin pulled his boat along its 200-metre length, the net revealed tidal detritus and gapping holes where it had been run over by other boats. Not until near the net's end did the water dash either with the thrashing of a thick salmon trapped by the gills. Back on the gravel beach, Martin's 10-pounder pulled four larger fish reflecting the light of a driftwood fire. That was the combined catch of the dinner men had chatted about the blast after working the nocturnal tide from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. On the black market—for these fish were in the eyes of provincial law, poached—the night's catch was worth about \$270.

It was to punish this fishery, worth about \$2,000 annually for each of the 150 Miramichi fishermen, that the Quebec government descended with paramilitary



Riot police at the estuary's end (below, right) with captive (below left) Quebec Indian Federation President Joe Stacey and Chief Michel's camp split



itary might at high tide June 11 and again last Saturday even as Indian chiefs from across Canada were gathered there to protest against the first arrests. From the land, sea and air, 215 Quebec riot police in battle gear had swarmed the Miramichi's Restigouche river while a flotilla of 35 boats carrying 100 Quebec garrison warden sped from the New Brunswick shore to snare nets from the water, the beach and overhanging banks. With neither name tags nor badges to identify them, the gun- and club-wielding cops blocked a boatload of schoolchildren from returning home and, affirmed Marc Ouellette, a white, French-speaking journalist, made unprovoked assaults on bystanders in an apparent attempt to reuse the Indians to retaliatory violence, driving some who had merely run from their charge Gloria Delane, was, according to witnesses, first pushed, then hit with a riot stick as the raid to snare house her

five-year-old son Ouellette, editor of Campbellton, N.B.'s weekly *L'Express*, said he saw "hated" in the eyes of some of the policemen. "They thought they were on the beaches of Normandy."

Premier René Lévesque personally authorized the police raid, which, for more than three hours, suspended the legal authority of the Miramichi band council and denied normal liberty of circulation to reserve residents—as action whose legality was immediately challenged by the province's human rights commission. Lévesque's special secretary for native affairs, Eric Gaudreau, said Montreal's last week the Indians had sworn to defend their nets and that the massive police assault was in response to "a sort of apprehended insurrection"—the same phrase given by Pierre Trudeau in 1975 for the suppression of martial law during Quebec's October Crisis.

Bleives arrests for obstruction of po-

lice were made and 180 nets seized because the Miramichi fish without a provincial permit and have refused to accept a government quota system, which would restrict fishing to three days a week. Quebec, according to Gaudreau, does not recognize the Miramichi's right to land, grow or fish beyond the special treatment the government has traditionally accorded them. "They have a strict right to privileges." He said the suspension of liberty during the four-hour raid troubled him personally but that it had to be imposed against the need to enforce provincial law, and then he added "Nobody died." The Indians refuse to admit Quebec jurisdiction, arguing that they have an aboriginal and legal right under the Royal Proclamation of 1763 to fish for salmon.

By early last week, more nets had been set at the tip of Restigouche chief Alphonse Malenfant, who invited 50 chiefs gathered at the National Indian Brotherhood's executive council session in Victoria to adhere to Restigouche. The group flew in by chartered jet on Thursday and issued a resolution of the raid and planned legal action against Quebec. The province responded with the Saturday raid. Although police stayed off the reserve this time and there were no arrests, waterborne warriors seized all the nets.

Enraged, the Indians were restoring the crisis yet again over the weekend, and murmuring darkly about stockpiling weapons on the reserve. Saturday's raid also forced Ottawa, after the Indian Affairs Minister John Hume flew to the reserve later in the day to confer with the angry natives and to help draft a reserve bill, which he says will take precedence over provincial fishing regulations.

While Quebec claims its prime concern is conservation of the salmon, the Miramichi fishers say the government wants most of all to assert its jurisdiction in anticipation of eventual separation. They also accuse the province of wanting to protect the sport of wealthy anglers at the expense of native livelihood. The weight of environmentalists to support the Indians: the net was ordered not by the agriculture department responsible for commercial fisheries but by Tourism, Housing and Fishing Minister Lucien Lévesque—not one of the cabinet's bright lights. He often appears tired and anxious and has been ridiculed by political opponents for his diffidence in expressing himself.

Both the Miramichi and Quebec's native affairs secretary, Gaudreau, say they want to develop the Restigouche commercial salmon fishery as an independent monopoly, with smokehouses and retail outlets that would earn more than the \$5-per-pound black-market price. But

the intervention of hundreds of armed men far further peaked relations. Lamented fisherman Frank Martin: "When my boy heard the riot squad might be coming back, he got out my two high-powered hunting rifles and ran through the house looking for shells. And he's 15 years old!"

W.A.S. from Judith Leeson

National

A leaky canoe and white water ahead

With the rearm from his nasty battle with Denis Anderson and the feminist movement over the constitution still froth, Rinples, Minister Lloyd Axworthy is once again enroute toward the political rapids. Within a single month three secret reports from his department have made their way into the hands of the press and opposition. All three could hurt the trouble-prone minister.

The most interesting is a departmental task force report that urges a sim-

ulation and tightening up of the unemployment insurance (UI) system. Despite the report's neutral tone, it does some finger-wagging, suggesting, among other things, that people not be eligible for benefits unless they have worked 15 to 30 weeks instead of the current 50 to 65. When all this finally arrives on the cabinet agenda it is bound to divide ministers into small-l liberals and conservative camps—and perhaps push the enigmatic Axworthy off his philosophical limbo. One of the task force's most recent critics has been Bryan Mackay, Liberal labor minister when the 1971 version of the UI act was introduced and now an active back-bencher. Mackay doesn't like the report's emphasis on saving money by cutting back benefits, then playing the savings back into job creation programs. "That isn't what UI was set up to do," says Mackay. "Its main purpose is to provide for people who are unemployed through no fault of their own."

One task force recommendation: Axworthy may welcome a chance to restore his credibility among women and re-establish his reputation as one of the small-l crowd—calls for an end to the so-called "Magic 18" clause which



discriminates against pregnant women. Basically, the clause states women prove they were working before they become pregnant and is based on the now-discredited notion that hundreds of women were rearing out to get pregnant just so they could collect 18 benefits.

ing in the head of the midnight sun. The problem is that, in Yellowknife and Whitehorse these days, there are no nights. Around the midnight hour, noon is as bright, "You can still drive down the street with your car lights off." Understood, Walter Anderson of Hand Chemical said up until 1 a.m. on both sides recently and it was determined that the damage twilight occurred at 12:30 a.m.—which means that show time in the territorial capitals will come early on July 2. For manual insurance, Anderson will find the display with special magnifying shells, which are supposed to produce a high-intensity burst for four seconds each, for a total effect that Anderson assures

will be "seen, identified and very entertaining." London, however, are estimated the \$50,000 extravaganza it will last 30 minutes—will be a dud. "I find it rather absurd," says Yellowknife Mayor Michael Ballantyne. "There are so many groups and organizations crying out for money, and it will all be gone in half an hour." Yvon Deschamps, head of the Committee for Canada's Birthday, will not yield to the rumpus. "The money," he notes, "was voted for this activity [by Ottawa], and it's not going to something else." All in all, a typical Canadian activity party.

W.A.S. from Anna Prosser in Yellowknife



Now you see it, then you don't

Canadians from Ilse Mc Down, NDP, in Beaver, B.C., refuse to let the Supreme Court non-decision on the constitution risk on their Canada Day. They are not. With a \$2.5-billion loan from the federal treasury, citizen committees are planning activities that range from craft fairs to a senior citizens' beauty contest. There will be a usually smaller contest in Port Hope, Ont., a "You're Tolerant Night" in Stouffville, N.S., and a pillow fight on a lawn in Moose Factory, Ont. Back by popular demand for the second year is Omelette Savoka, co-ordinator for "Let's Stay O Canada," who is urging Canadians from coast to coast to drop everything at noon—local time—to sing the national anthem. "We're cooking, we're back a great response," says Savoka. For folks who can't carry a tune, there is always reliable Ray Thomson, Omelette's two-time world whistling champion, who will thrill fans with his rendition of O Canada on a solar Canada Day radio station. "My guitar is going to be there running to go," he vows.

The biggest bang—with the biggest bucks—will be ignited by Hand Chemical Industries, with a contract of \$500,000 from the federal government to set off fireworks in Western Canada cities, including Yellowknife and Whitehorse. But storm clouds are gath-



Axworthy and Calgary MP offer a chance to restore credibility

The report also suggests benefits be made more uniform across the country to encourage workers to stay where the jobs are. As it is now, it is easier to get to benefits in economically depressed regions such as the Atlantic provinces and harder in the West. That means a Newfoundland who loses his job in Alberta might, at present, be inclined to move home and sign up for 15 benefits there rather than stick around the West and look for a new job.

A second, exhaustive report from Axworthy's department—Challenge of an Uncertain Decade: A Framework for Labor Market Policies in the 80s—predicts a slump in manufacturing in the declining East and the creation of up to 300,000 new jobs in the West, all of which presently coexist with another troubling political question: does the government continue to pour billions into job creation in economically depressed regions, or should it sit its palms at moving workers to the jobs?

Many of the next decade's new workers will be women. According to government statistics, some 73 per cent of adult women will be working by 1991 compared to 50 per cent in 1980. Unfortunately, the report says, most will still find themselves in low-paid job photos. And in a third secret report leaked from Axworthy's office recently, the minister rejects mandatory affirmative action programs designed to help women who are working for governmental companies that do business with government agencies. Instead, the report calls for an extension of the present voluntary affirmative action programs which the same report admits have been an abysmal failure. Axworthy's critics are portraying the as yet never dim-bow by the minister responsible for the su-

per of women. Not so, insisted spokesperson for the minister's office last week—he is neither for nor against mandatory affirmative action programs. "He's still looking."

—BRIAN KELLY

British Columbia

Of care and carelessness

Tom Harrison heard the news on the radio as he sat in a kitchen in Nanaimo, B.C., waiting for a letter from the government about his son's care. Harrison is 60, with a bad heart and legs stiff and weakened from years spent working as a mechanic repairing forklift trucks. The news of a cutback in services that have helped him keep living in a nest village house in the east end of Vancouver worried him. The concern was shared by thousands of the elderly throughout British Columbia because of the clamp-

ing the government had handled the cuts.

Health Minister Jim Nielsen once worked as a radio hot-line, but his communications about cutting out fat and using volunteers and relatives to fill the gaps in services produced only fear among the old and eager in the people who help them. The Star Opposition, with reports of planned 30-per-cent reductions flowing in from across the province, turned up the heat, accusing him of heartlessness. That put Nielsen in the odd position of having to defend a program whose budget has risen to \$32 million from \$18 million in one year—but the problem is more rapidly rising costs, so that the same amount of help will have to be spread over thirty thousand years.

There are 65,000 persons now receiving services that help them live in their own homes—and out of more expensive institutions. Once or twice a month they get visits from homecare workers, typically, cook, houseclean, shop and help with baths. The more disabled among the old, including people just out of hospital, can get daily visits from nurses until they are back on their feet. Now, though, the government is alarmed at what appears to be the early appearance of a program that had only 3,500 users when it began in 1978—particularly since no one is sure if these getting help are getting too much or too little.

David Adair, director of a Vancouver agency facing cuts, blames the government for not doing enough to ensure that the job is to estimate how many visits a month new applicants will need. Further, says Adair, the province needs more than the 174 it now has. Harrison, who sees a homecare nurse a week, has been on the program for 18 months. Success in his problem applying now will have to wait at least three months for help because it will take that long to retrain those now being served.

While agency directors worried about

Harrison's dilemma: "At first, I could hardly get one foot in front of another."



possible staff layoffs, saying that most as well as fat would be trimmed in 30-per-cent cuts in service across the province, other workers warned that the reductions might eventually add to the over-all costs of health care. The whole controversy is understandably unsettling to Hartman, who wants to stay in the home he has lived in since 1987 and doesn't doubt the value of the help he is getting. "When I first started getting it, it didn't hardly get me feet in front of another," he says. "Without it I'd be dead."

—NICHOLAS GRAY

Ontario

Twisting writs across the border

Channel 30, Detroit, is a TV station of a kind nonexistent in Canada. It provides both American and neighboring Canadian viewers with the usual hour-long run of daytime programs that end at 5 p.m., then suddenly the screen becomes a jangle of indecipher-



Baker and Krzeminski in their squiggle.

able squiggles. Ineffectual, that is, except to 30,000 U.S. subscribers to the TV, a Detroit pay-TV broadcaster which, for \$22.50 a month, provides customers with a decoding device to turn the strange pattern into a daily news of first-run movies and major sports events, all without commercials. But now a border TV war has broken out in the corners of two countries since ONTV discovered that 300 Detroiters a week are moving into Canada to buy their own decoders outright for \$109 (U.S.). It's an enterprising Windsor manufacturer, messaging these items in brown paper bags and watching the TV programs for free. And residents of the Windsor-St. Catharines area who buy the same gadget just miss every time the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission makes another

announcement about pay-TV "squiggles." Some have enjoyed free pay-TV for a year. The Windsor Star estimates that up to 10,000 unauthorized decoders may be in use in area homes and reports that some apartment landlords are even looking for the uncrackables to their commercial antennas to lure tenants.

Building unauthorized decoders, a legal activity in Canada but not in the U.S., was a low-profile cottage industry at Windsor until Video Gallery began promoting its product in both countries and supplying other dealers in Southwestern Ontario. For their enterprise, Video Gallery partners Bud Baker and Larry Krzeminski are denounced as "bleeding my business" by Pat Kerich, president of ONTV, which is owned by Chartwell Communications and Tandem Productions in California. Kerich first sent process servers to Windsor to warn Video Gallery customers in cars with Michigan plates that unauthorized decoders were illegal in the U.S., then was an injunction from a U.S. district court ordering Video Gallery to stop selling decoders to Americans. Last week Video Gallery continued with an Essex County court injunction re-

straining ONTV from "watching, bugging and interfering with its customers."

"Just who do these Americans think they are, telling me who I can sell to at my store in Windsor?" demands Baker. Reports Kerich: "Everybody perceives these guys as some sort of inventive Robin Hood, little guys versus the big American corporation. They're hiding behind an international border and stealing a private product."

Kerich vows to stop Baker and Krzeminski by altering his signal and having his day in court. But Video Gallery's Windsor lawyer, Harvey Streiberg, protests that "all my clients are doing is showing a little Yankee ingenuity."

—JUDY GERRILL

Quebec

Echoes from the Quiet Revolution

It was 21 years ago this week that Jean Lesage was elected premier of Quebec and began the province's so-called Quiet Revolution. Amazingly, it is only now—six months after his death—that the first Lesage biography has been published. The review of the hapless Liberal politician's career shows how it was he who wrote the script that the Parti Québécois government of René Lévesque would later replace. And, as adroitly foretelling as it is, Lesage, by Ottawa columnist Richard Dugan's of Quebec City's *Le Soleil*, smokes away what the scars of integrity that marked off the Lesage era from the paternalistic corruption of Quebec under the late premier Maurice Duplessis. Dugan's account, recent, even after he advised Lesage to shirk the \$800 annual payments made to legislative reporters from public funds, the governor's lack-of-a brother, Hearn, knocked at Dugan's door early one morning, offering an envelope apparently stuffed with money. It was, said the governor's secretary, a token of the premier's gratitude and something of which no one else would ever learn. Dugan's refusal of the envelope (That of course was small stuff after Duplessis who, says Dugan, had such disregard for legality that he once said, "The law is a syllable whose who comes only when she's violated.")

Lesage, in perspective, was a transitional, not a crowning, figure and mistimed the businessmen methods of astute politics. He settled a four-month-long liquor board strike, for example, by serving union leaders Jack Macleod (now senator) and Marcel Piquet to his home in Quebec City where—over drinks served by his wife, Genevieve—they worked out a deal as dawn broke over the nearby Plains of Abraham. He was still ages ahead of the pro-Duplessis Quebec which, according to Dugan's most devastating anecdote, saw a provincial premier demand and a new one chosen by a group of financiers meeting in Quebec City's Chateau Frontenac. Liberal Premier Lomer Gouin had overruled the provincial finances, and broken, principal among them Douglas Chapman of A.E. Ames and Co., summoned Liberal Alexander Taché to the hotel to offer him Gouin's job. Taché's acceptance and the transition was engineered.

Lesage was prudent with the money. *1988-1990 Labor Expression Montreal*, \$14.95 paperback.



A moment to remember.
A vodka to remember. Silhouette.



ness, discreetly verifying with Chapman that Quebec could raise the funds needed to nationalize the province's electricity producers before announcing his minister of natural resources, René Lévesque. Turning loose Lévesque's nationalism was just one of Lesage's acts which together set a pattern Quebec is still repeating:

- Lesage in 1964 adopted the govern-

On to the pole and home for tea

“It’s absolutely the most fantastic thing in the world to be doing with something like this,” says Sir Randolph Thwaitson-Whitcomb-Pennes H.C., of course, spelling a booby his name. Sir Randolph, 37, former British army captain, author and aviator, was dangling over a cup of coffee in the lounge of the R.C.M.P. 55-member, largely British team set off last week for Canada’s Arctic in their three-year pursuit of “the last great geographical prize”—the circumnavigation of the planet from South to North and back down the other side. And he had just completed a remarkable feat of endurance and lightning speed: a 10,000-kilometre, 10-day dash to the Arctic.

Tracing a route by the second-century transatlantic of the wild Atlantic northwest. Despite that signal achievement, Sir Randolph was being viewed—in Vancouver at least—as something of a well-to-do oddity. Matters were not helped by his bizarre name, sleek, Roman-accented hair, the entire aristocratic aura.

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men's first buy-Quebec policy, one that Lévesque strengthened and for which he was accused of economic nationalism.

- Lesage instituted, in 1990, the annual conference of provincial premiers which has evolved into Canada's principal institutional counterbalance to the central authority and one that Lesage has used adroitly to cultivate allies amongst Ottawans.

knight errant's 1973 "exploration" of the already well-explored Mulsanne River valley.

Unfortunately, the tutoring in Vancouver tended to obscure the true acidity of the current trip, which is a pity, since parts of it are extraordinary. The team left Creeping in September 1979. After travelling down Africa by Land Rover and Canadian-built supply

Sir Ravulph, the blazons never didn't help



■ During the Liberal party's split in 1987 over Mélosque's push for the endorsement of sovereignty-association, Lesage opted instead for a special status which would be negotiation of *l'égalité* (between equals). That very phrase resurfaced in May, 1990, as the government's official slogan in its failed referendum campaign for a mandate to negotiate sovereignty-association.

The controversy can be explained by Lesage's role as political mentor both to Lévesque and to his intergovernmental allies. When minister, Claude Charbonneau, whom Lesage had mentored, was elected to the Liberal University to write his speeches. Diagnostic system Senator Arthur Tremblay—plucked by former prime minister Joe Clark from Quebec City to become a cabinet minister—was also mentored by Lesage. When Lesage's speech writing was going "unfired speeches" to the individual changes of the Quiet Revolution. More than others, attempted to protect the three, and the three, and the three, beyond the ambition of his former boss and, during last year's referendum campaign, the sitting former premier came to a political retirement to the side of the province. He did so at the University of Quebec centre, May 7, 1983—the same day disclosure informed him that the layoff responsible for a recent wave of layoffs in the province.

—DAVID THOMAS

ship Eastman Bowering, St. Raphael and two team members last winter dashed 3,736 km across Antarctica in 75 days by snowmobile; the only previous crossing was by Sir Vivian Fuchs and Sir Edmund Hillary in 1957. Trans-Globe's next parties will make the Antarctic spring route like a Thames power roads, however, so it plans to take four-metre-long inflatable boats driven to 40-by outboard motors through Canada's infamous Northwest Passage (a direct shot, northward the 600-km length of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, snowmobiles and sledges through another 2,500 km of the ice-like pressure ridges and shifting ice to the North Pole, returning via Spitzbergen to Greenwich in August 1988).

Unlike the case of the early engineers to whom Ben Ransdell's men are often compared, however, the modern pressure of 1,000 sponsors who generate more than \$2 million for Transglobe makes failure unthinkable. Faced with mechanical contraptions or human ill-fates, these latter-day Amundsen and Peary will be plucked from the fray by a supporting Twin Otter and returned to spend a winter in advance base camp if necessary. "Waiting a year will be nothing," says Ben Ransdell over his tea. "After all, we started planning this expedition in 1972." —THOMAS HURFORD

WORLD

More bluff than bravado

Despite Khadafy's angry rhetoric, his diplomatic options are limited



Libyan leader Muammar Khadaffi's call for reprisals against Israel's Dimeona



"They're better than help-free," an off-

I had been killed in an event of national importance: the opening of a new shopping place and state structures in Tripoli. Col Muammar Khadaffi, leader Yasser Arafat as guest of honor. Libya TV offered live coverage, and Khadaffi threw a party for foreign dignitaries on the top floor after the official ceremony. Anywhere else, the celebration might have seemed a joke: it had late—the building was nothing like a supermarket. But it was indeed a party, for it announced the end of the long reign of the late African state—and the start of almost 12 years of rule by the eccentric Khadaffi, whose revolution has affected even Lebanese shopping habits.

The store, known simply as the Tuesday Market, replaces the city's traditional soap and hamper stalls. Earlier this year, the government announced that private trade outlets would be replaced by state-run enterprises.

The range of the goods and their low prices—a large bottle of shampoo, \$1.99—make Libya's supermarkets the envy in Africa. They are also one of the few places where the average citizen—estimated at \$20 billion for 1981—to spread wealth among the country's 38 million people. Fifteen years ago, Libya was one of the poorest nations in Africa, the eighth of 60—seriously Third, Bengali and even small towns are being refitted and rapidly transformed by 500,000 laborers from the West. The country has one of the fastest growing economies in the world, with new industries, schools and sports centers. Khadafi has also spent an estimated \$4.5 billion on a sophisticated Soviet-made arsenal. The goal is to make Libya a model for the Islamic world, a model for the Third World and eventually a world power. Yet the military buildup and the social reforms have not been enough. In 1980, Catch-22—as it was understood by Khadafi's intervention last year in the 36-year-old civil war in Chad, and in the more recent expedition of Libya's diplo-

Some insiders—the wealthy, well-educated or elite groups—have no power base or popular support. But in the army, Khadafi has been trapped by his own member, as evidenced by occasional reports of coup attempts including one last year in the barracks at Tobruk. Diplomats contend that Libya's military "assistants" in Chad were his solution. It gave his troops their first saving and victory. But they are now being withdrawn—another 600 were due home last week—and the price of repatriating what the U.S. state department labeled "military adventures"





Downtown Hanoi: series at Chua-226

the 1960s Hanoi coup that toppled King Idris.

In one of his rare interviews, Khadafi claimed that there is still a long way to go in the evolution of this authoritarian state, as he "awakens" Libya to a new social concept that will allow the masses to "conquer" their destiny through "people's committees" which are taking over management of factories, schools, housing projects and, in theory, local government. The transition is awkward and ungraceful, but comfortable—and is far far less seriously threatened from within. ☐

Asia

The tough talk turns to the East

Alexander Haig's first venture into Asia as secretary of state last week brought him face to face with two ghosts of the United States' ermine-streaked past: the 35-year-old nemesis of the two Chinas and the 30-year-old Indochinese nightmare, Kampuchea. Haig seemed no more wary than this. While Haig announced a landmark decision to make all arms available to Peking—which, it was revealed accidentally, has been hosting a U.S. missile tracking station for the past year—the Reagan administration's intentions toward Taiwan posed an unresolved threat to the "strategic consensus" Haig had achieved with his mainland Chinese hosts.

What is to be about the occupation of the small, martyred state of Kampuchea by 200,000 Vietnamese troops was the principal topic later at a meeting of the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN), which took Haig aback.

Quang (left) and Maly center: tough talk



in Manila. The ASEAN—Thailand, Indonesia, the Philippines, Malaysia and Singapore—called for the introduction of a United Nations peacekeeping force to oversee a Vietnamese withdrawal, the dismantling of warring Kampuchean factions and presumably some form of democratic elections. They hope to sell their view to a 17th conference in Kampuchea in New York next month and then to the General Assembly. But the tricky Kampuchean question demands a subtlety that, again, seemed to elude Haig's team. The ASEAN ministers were tried as advisers by Assistant State Secretary John Holbrooke's statement in Peking that the U.S. would consider military pressure on Vietnam to end the Kampuchean occupation. Such tough talk, vehemently underlined by Haig in Manila on Saturday when he greeted a senior U.S. presence in Southeast Asia, did not serve to cloak over the aggressive militaristic association. Vietnam quickly severed the U.S. of encouraging China "and other enemies in Southeast Asia" to intervene. Some ASEAN diplomats, particularly the Indonesian, also felt that the U.S. should have considered its Southeast Asian allies before announcing its initial arms deal with China, still seen as a greater long-term threat than Vietnam.

Nevertheless, the fact that the denial of legitimacy to the Vietnamese-backed Heng Samrin regime in Phnom Penh means continued recognition of the Khmer Rouge toward many nerves Canada's external affairs minister, Mark MacGowan, in Manila along with the foreign ministers of Japan, Australia and New Zealand, revealed the situation was uncomfortable. However, the other Western representatives, who would deny the Khmer Rouge a return to power, except as a member of a broad democratic front, but kept it as the focus of the worldwide diplomatic resistance to Vietnam's occupation.

Finally, Haig's foray dramatically demonstrated the Reagan administration's lack of open-mindedness in closing the books of friendly strongmen. Haig publicly congratulated Ronald Reagan on his "wonderful victory" in a magazine June 16 presidential election reported by serious opposition leaders and in which Phnom Penh were the strongest candidate for endorsement, the loss of their jobs and the denial of graduation certificates to their children if they refused to vote. Haig will send Vice-President George Bush to the inauguration of Manoe, a ghost who maintained his military backing, as a virtual dictator shortly before his second and last four-year presidential term was to end in 1973.

—RICHARD VONKY

Will she from Jo Lab in Peking.

Discretionary taste in despots

David Nathan, Ambassador Jean Kirkpatrick is one of the more controversial members of President Ronald Reagan's cabinet. Among the views that have particularly excited comment is her belief that right-wing "moderately repressive" régimes are preferable to Marxist régimes. This formed the chief point of discussion in an interview Nathan's correspondent Robert Menzies filed from Washington.

Menzies's Reagan promised to restore American strength, credibility and prestige, yet many have charged that apart from Amer-gent anti-communism, there is little worth of a foreign policy.

Kirkpatrick: The first 100 days have established, for anybody to see, the administration's irreducible seriousness about the restoration of American military strength. Also, it is a perfectly clear to our allies and to the Soviets that all the officials concerned with foreign policy share the view that Soviet expansionism is the principal destabilizing factor in the contemporary world and feel committed to planning activities to its containment.

Menzies's: You have said it is a key task for U.S. policy to develop a strategically and morally acceptable way of dealing with noncommunist governments threatened by the Soviet Union (let us themselves repressive. How do you react to such support?

Kirkpatrick: I would prefer to use the term traditional authoritarian versus totalitarian autocracies. Some nondemocracies are much more repressive to the people that live in them and much more dangerous to us than others. Generally speaking, traditional autocracies were

South Africa

'The mirror of a nation's soul'

The sidewalks of Johannesburg were strangely half-empty. At some supermarkets white managers were working the checkout tills. On the floor of the stock exchange, the blacks who chalk up the prices were absent. A black servant laid his white employer the way only able to get to work by "cutting the snake." Last week's work boycott by blacks living in South Africa's largest airport, Soweto, did not stop the wheels of finance and commerce, but it served as a reminder to an otherwise something with population

less unbearable than others to the people who live in it. The proof of that is (that) communist autocracy, like Mao's autocracy, produced far more refugees than do traditional despots.

Menzies's: Gov. Alexander Haig and others have said that one of the big differences is that authoritarianism are less ideologically committed and are more susceptible to pressure for change.

Kirkpatrick: It is a fact of history that some traditional authoritarian régimes have evolved into democracies—such as Spain, Portugal, Greece—and there is no instance of a communist totalitarian regime evolving into a democracy.

Menzies's: There has to be some changes in China, Poland, Yugoslavia, to name a few?

Kirkpatrick: China and Yugoslavia are different cases, both national Communist systems which have never been in the Soviet orbit.

Menzies's: That's not quite true. Yugoslavia was, and more so China.

Kirkpatrick: history shows some authoritarian régimes become democracies



that Tuesday was the fifth anniversary of the day police opened fire on demonstrating black townships, turning their march into a four-day riot. In the 20 minutes of violence that followed, more than 700 blacks died.

Five years later, South Africa remains a house divided against itself, a fact that was poignantly illustrated last month as the Advorters, the 100 million white of Dutch descent, celebrated the country's achievement of a republic status in 1861. Black guerrillas laid bombs on railway lines, white and black university students publicly carried the national flag and colored (round race) high-school students were brawled and charged by police with bawling as they boycotted classes to protest the festivities.

"The whites cannot continue to decide and rule alone and the whites have real-

Kirkpatrick: No, I'm sorry, well look, they have never been occupied by the Soviets, they have not had Soviet troops on their soil helping them win power.

Menzies's: Why not? It is not as if there is a moral distinction between regimes such as El Salvador's, where serious civilians and clergy are being murdered, or Guatemala's and whatever repressive mode in places such as the Soviet Union?

Kirkpatrick: The only way one can distinguish is by the scope of repression. In the case of El Salvador, for example, the kind of repression is morally acceptable. But El Salvador is in a state of war. It is a very serious situation. But I do not think that was the war to end is more a fashion that a Marxist-Leninist regime had to the Soviet Union were to cease to power it would leave the people of El Salvador better off.

Menzies's: Turning to southern Africa, a senior official has suggested that the administration would prefer to bring the opposition UDF's guerrillas into co-existence with Anglo government MPLA, and send the Cubans home before solving the question of Namibian independence.

Kirkpatrick: In the best of all possible worlds, something like that would be preferred.

Menzies's: Yet London's U.S. companies—Gulf Oil, Transo, Citibank—have no difficulty dealing with the Angolan government, which says it wants to disengage itself from the Soviets.

Kirkpatrick: We're not trying to prevent Gulf or anyone else doing business with the MPLA.

Menzies's: But Gulf and others are worried that a perceived tilt toward South Africa may affect U.S. business throughout South Africa.

Kirkpatrick: Gulf Oil is not making foreign policy, and I'm quite sure you wouldn't agree that they should. ☐



and this," the government-supporting Afrikaans newspaper *Beeld* commented recently. But the awakening has only one halfway. The Afrikaans still has no clear vision of the future to replace the failed past. And as if fearing the very changes it knows must come, the government has become more authoritarian. The resulting contradictions are vividly seen in Soweto, the township a white official once called "the mirror of South Africa's soul." Before 1976, blacks could not even the buses they rented for the land beneath them. Most had outdoor toilets and only one-quarter had electricity. There were 15,000 people on the official waiting list to rent

Anniversary riot 'coming like a snake'

a house. Today, a \$301-million education scheme will bring lights to all of Soweto by 1984. Blacks caught a 69-year lease on their home if they can raise the down payment and if they can find a house. But no houses have been built in Soweto since 1976, and township officials say 30,000 people now need one.

Black students no longer are forced to leave their classes in Afrikaans (the reason for their original protest). There are 30 new schools and 142 additional classrooms, black teachers' salaries have risen substantially, and compulsory education is being phased in. But the

government still insists on separate education systems and still spends more than \$1,000 a year on the education of each white child, compared with less than \$120 a year on each black child.

Moreover, Soweto remains a fortress without walls. Apartheid's migratory labor and influx control system mean that its residents may not change jobs and move to another city without permission. Rural blacks are denied the right to live in urban areas like Soweto. With financial pressure, the police continue to remove black political activists, labor leaders and journalists from the community through harassment, detention without trial and forced exile, only packing the political leadership deeper underground. Since 1976, two of Soweto's newspapers have been silenced—one was closed last week. Ranked were townships police stations and government offices. Miles read out are regularly straddled by roadblocks as police search for guns and "terrorists."

Still, the grenades are thrown and bombs laid by young blacks whose importance lies not in the feeble impact of their unaimed violence but in the fact that most Sowetians share their goal—as and to the divided house. This was the silent message of last week's mark boycott. —CAROL M. MINTOFF

All power to the imams

For Iran's hard-core president, Ayatollah Khomeini, Shi'ite Islam's sacred texts could scarcely have been less favorable. As his countrymen celebrated the birth of the "Hidden Imam," who Shi'ite Muslims believe will one day make himself visible, signaling the end of the world, the revolutionary prosecutor was announcing Khomeini's disappearance and that border guards had been alerted to stop him fleeing the country. At week's end, the 48-year-old president was apparently moving from house to house in Tehran to evade protest. But his life as Sherry, even life, seemed likely to be short as the Iranian mullahs (parliament) debated his dismissal from office amid virulent calls for his subsequent trial.

But while the final political demise of Khomeini was confirmed with brutal vividness, it was only the anticipated climax of a relentless campaign launched by his clerical opponents after his election in a landslide victory 18 months ago. While Khomeini was the president, the clergy-dominated Islamic Revolutionary Party (IRP) won control of parliament and came to dominate the cabinet and the judicial ap-

peals. Constitutionally barred from having his own political party, Khomeini was reduced to the role of a unelected opposition. In the end, barred from television and radio and with his newspaper closed by court order, he was reduced to issuing communiqués—the final one, on June 12, announced his flight in face of a coup aimed at his life—in an attempt to influence events.

Khomeini would almost certainly have fallen from power earlier but for the war with Iraq. As commander-in-chief, the president became a popular figure as he toured the front on a motorcycle, his car often being stopped by a steel barrier. But by being himself at Akhbar near the fighting, the president cut himself off from the Ayatollahs.

Khomeini: his line finally exposed



Khomeini, who filled the telephone. In contrast, his opponents were only a short car ride away from Ayatollah's small home in northern Tehran, and they casually stressed the "Islamic" of Khomeini's Western education and influence.

The presidential powers are likely now to be wielded by a triumvirate: Ayatollah Mohammad Rezaei, head of the IRP and of the Supreme Court, Hajj-Ali Akbari, head of the Islamic Consultative Assembly, and Piruz Mirzaei, head of the IRP. All are deeply steeped in the traditions of the mosque and are expected to complete the clericalization of Iran. To Western correspondents who knew him, Khomeini presented a coherent definition of Islamic shari'a and knew his departure, the revolution enters uncharted waters. —IAN MATTHEW

U.S.A.

'Demagoguery' on the Hill

A Reagan-O'Neill showdown and anger over arms deals

By Michael Posner

For the first time in more than three months, the White House last week put Ronald Reagan on display, throwing him before that frieze, but largely futile, host of bores known as the Washington press corps. No body was terribly impressive, neither the reporters, with their soft question, nor the president, with his awkward, non-flattering answers. He seemed comfortable with a single theme: the need for urgent passage of his economic program, all its elements intact—and any Democratic who threatened to dilute it, he suggested, was tampering with the People's will, as expressed in the House landslide of Nov. 4, 1980.

The president also seized the occasion to rebuke the speaker of the House, Democratic Representative Thomas (Tip) O'Neill, who had tampered with the People's will by labeling the Reagan tax plan a scheme to rob the poor to give to the rich. "Should demagoguery," the president said, "be a man at all?" He said, "I am not a demagogue. Growing up, he added, he barely lived close enough to the tracks to hear the whistle and he knew what poverty was, and his tax cuts would help the poor as much as anyone. Inevitably, this brought a riposte from the speaker, wrapped in humble explanation, he went before another act of megalomania to declare his unwillingness to engage in this demagogic form of Washington handball. It had not escaped his attention that he—the speaker—still resided in the same working-class neighborhood of Boston in which he was raised (whereas Ronald Reagan had graduated into somewhat more luxurious quarters), but the speaker had too much respect for the office of the President to make an issue of it.

This exchange proved mildly diverting, but no more. What Washington and the nation wanted to know were about last week was the administration's

policy on arms pipelines—one, new opening, to China (see story page 20), and another, to Israel, under review. Perhaps to design, perhaps because he is not familiar enough with policy business, the president was not much

helpful was solely defensive.

That remark and two or three other similarly pro-leased sentiments played as one. It appeared Ayatollahs because it implied that arms deliveries to Israel would shortly resume. And it annoyed Israelis because it was not being taken into account. On the contrary, appearing before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, half a dozen administration officials were sharply critical of the deal. Together with the U.S.-sponsored resolution condemning the deal (unanimously approved at week's end) by the U.S. Security Council, statements by Undersecretary of State Walter Duggan, CIA Director Bill Casey and others constituted the most serious attack on the Jerusalem-Washington alliance since 1975, when Henry Kissinger directed a recommitment of U.S. arms deliveries to Israel.



Reagan at White House news conference (above) O'Neill Congress gets a rebuke for tampering with the will of the People



help. Arms sales to China were "a normal part of improving our relations there," and he didn't know what the Kremlin would make of it, nor, it appeared, did he care. As for the Israelis, they might have "sincerely believed" their June 7 raid on the Iraqi experimental nuclear reactor southeast of

American-made equipment for offensive purposes. Pending the review, delivery of four F-16 fighters has been suspended, but other arms are scheduled for shipment next month, and the likelihood is they will not be held up.

Indeed, it is conceded in Washington by Arabs and Israelis alike, that the demarcation of the Israeli position is less important for its immediate consequences than for the impact it will have on the Reagan administration's plans to sell five airborne warning and control systems (AWACS) aircraft to Saudi Arabia. The White House is expected to give formal notification of the sale to Congress sometime next month. Before the deal, congressional analysts doubted whether the proposal would pass, but the odds may now have shifted irreversibly. "Many who were in the closet in terms of criticizing Israel have now been able to come out," says National Association of Arab Americans.

spokesman Ron Cathell. "In our view the road strengthens the Bush argument on the need for arms."

It also gives the president tremendous leverage with Israel. He can use military aid as a kind of Gamoran sword, promising to slash it only if Jerusalem tacitly consents to letting the AWC's sale proceed without a battle in Congress. The arms-flow saga just might not be turned on again until the Begin government, or its successor, sends that signal. ☐

Servicemen under the influence

The image of the U.S. armed forces seems in far worse rough handling last week in Congress and elsewhere. As a United States Air Force spokesman was announcing that 2nd Lt. Christopher Cook, already facing charges of failing to report visits to the Soviet Embassy in Washington, would also be charged with revealing defense information to unauthorized persons, a battery of brass was squaring in their seats at a Capitol Hill hearing into their failure to curb drug use in the forces.

"They tell me," said Congressman Joseph P. Addabbo (D-N.Y.), chairman of the House defense appropriations subcommittee, "that if you fly one of those dogs that's trained to sniff out drugs over the naval air base at Virginia Beach, the dog will react there's no man put down there." Addabbo decided the hearing was "seriously needed." After learning that six of the 11 sailors killed on deck of the aircraft carrier *Nimitz*, when a war plane crashed into it last May, had been taking drugs



Escorted and secure aboard *Nimitz*, a problem that affects readiness

The navy insisted that while some of the sailors might have been smoking pot on the flight deck before the crash, they were in no way responsible for it. Vice-Admiral Wesley McDonald testified that pilot error was to blame and that autopsy reports revealed no traces of drugs in the three men on crew.

But Addabbo insisted that the military is "dragging its feet" in fighting drug abuse and cited a Pentagon report that, among those ranks below sergeant, 61 per cent of marines, 50 per cent of naval personnel, 50 per cent of soldiers and 38 per cent of airmen used illicit drugs, mostly marijuana, regularly. And Brig. Gen. William Leonard, deputy assistant secretary of defense for drug and alcohol abuse, admitted that while everything possible was being done to curb the use of drugs, to rather

known ones would "demote the dose." Leonard maintained that no unit had been declared unsuitable for combat because of drug abuse (though in the past there have been reports of severe drug-taking problems among the 267,000 strong U.S. S&T0 contingent in West Germany, where a new survey is to be started this week). But he conceded that drug-taking was a "serious problem that affects readiness."

The hearing ended without any suggestions for new methods to combat the use of drugs, which Leonard described as "endemic to our society." But in the case of 25-year-old Cook there may be further developments. In addition to the latest charge, which carries a penalty of 30 years in jail, he also, says the justice department, faces espionage charges. —WILLIAM LORTIMER

Majority of advertisers who sponsor shows that offend their strictest standards. Acknowledging that Procter & Gamble's anti-goggle-and-giggie stand was influenced by the growing cloud of righteousness generated by the religious right, Butler maintained, "We think the coalition is representing some very important and broadly held views." Just how widely held such sentiments are, however, is open to debate. In an attempt to counter the Moral Majority's onslaught, both NBC and ABC released their own surveys on American viewing habits. NBC's found that while fundamentalists did object more strenuously to sex and violence, only 18 per cent of the most conservative viewers wanted to ban American's current tribute to vice and corruption, *Dallas*. From the air, ABC's survey revealed that, faithful to the contract, most Moral Majority members enjoy the same television programs as other viewers. —RITA CHRISTOPHER



Scene from *Dallas*: anti-goggle-and-giggie

Soapbuds and sex don't mix

If Procter & Gamble has its way, television is going to be 90 and 60/100ths per cent pure. Last week, chairman of the board Owen Butler announced the corporation had withdrawn sponsorship from more than 50 television programs that violate newly articulated company guidelines on permissible levels of sex, violence and obscenity. Since Procter & Gamble's TV advertising budget, \$488.3 million (U.S.)—is the largest sponsor on the air, its decision is expected to influence other major media advertisers.

The move came only two weeks before a threatened boycott by the Coalition for Better Television, an umbrella organization composed of 600 smaller groups, including Rev. Jerry Falwell's

Mamadou's Sonnet: Six years old, Family lives in a mud hut—sleeps on the dirt floor. No running water. No electricity. Not even basic sanitary facilities.

Mamadou is hungry every day



Mamadou is just a little boy—five years for school, too small to work. His days are filled with the thousand tasks of little boys the world around. Games to be played, words to be memorized. But every day of Mamadou's life is ringed by sadness and edged with pain. For Mamadou is a child of the street, and he is hungry—every day.

It's not that his parents don't try to provide—but three hungry children cannot be fed on their meager

monthly income. Rice, potatoes, a small treat of fish are all they can afford to fill empty tummies—foods rich in starch, but devoid of nutrition. So Mamadou goes on his hungry—and hunger-burnt. The look in his eyes betrays his parents, but there is already nothing they can do—nothing but bear his suffering with their own.

The Sonnet's need something to change their lives—a boost towards the self-respect they dream somewhere like you could give. If Mamadou becomes a Foster Child, then he's not a different life. A life he could make! Through Foster Parents' recognized programs, counseling, dental and medical care would all be suddenly within their reach. Guidance, training and education would no longer be dreams, but attainable reality. Your small, monthly contribution would reach out to teach the child community in which Mamadou lives—through vital development projects.

Wouldn't you like to help? Even though Mamadou will have his Foster Parents by now, thousands of hungry children still wait. Please, fill out the coupon below, or call our toll-free number.

CALL TOLL FREE ANY TIME 1-(800)-268-7174
Information will be sent immediately to British Columbia, 1 (604)-268-7174.

PLAN FOSTER PARENTS PLAN OF CANADA	
I want to be a Foster Parent as a boy <input type="checkbox"/>	or as a girl <input type="checkbox"/>
or what I think is greatest <input type="checkbox"/>	
I include my payment of \$23.00 Monthly <input type="checkbox"/>	\$60.00 Quarterly <input type="checkbox"/>
\$13.00 See-Annually <input type="checkbox"/>	\$20.00 Annually <input type="checkbox"/>
I want 1 becoming a Foster Parent right now <input type="checkbox"/>	or please my contribution at <input type="checkbox"/>
Please send me more information <input type="checkbox"/> Tel No. <input type="text"/>	
Name <input type="text"/>	
Address <input type="text"/>	
City <input type="text"/>	Prov. <input type="text"/> Code <input type="text"/>
I wish communication with PLAN to be in English <input type="checkbox"/> French <input type="checkbox"/>	

PLAN operates in British Columbia, Ecuador, El Salvador, Egypt, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, India, Indonesia, Malawi, Nepal, Nicaragua, Panama, Peru, Sri Lanka, Sudan and Upper Volta. Foster Parents Plan of Canada's official presence is a Canadian Charitable Organization by the Foster Parent Program. Contributions to US deductible with credit.

Facts About FOSTER PARENTS PLAN

What is Foster Parents Plan? PLAN is a non-profit, non-sectarian, non-political social service agency. Our goal is to help children, their families and communities overseas to help themselves. Through social welfare, health, education and community development programs, PLAN avoids long-term dependency, and hopes, in time, to enable the society to assume a greater responsibility for its own people.

What does involvement in Foster Parents Plan mean? By helping a child through PLAN, you experience a warm feeling of fulfillment that rarely can be equaled. Your help will be extended to each member of the child's family and beyond—to the community in which he lives. In return, you will receive a case history and picture of your Foster Child and Family, regular correspondence from them, and from the PLAN Director in their country, and a semi-annual progress report and updated pictures.

How does Foster Parents Plan promote self-reliance? When a needy family becomes a Foster Family, they immediately begin to work toward a brighter future. Together with our social workers, they set a number of goals, which we help make them self-sufficient. This is called their "Family Development Plan", and each year they will set goals and work toward them—goals mutually agreed upon as important. The aim is that within a specified period of time, the family will have reached a sufficient level of self-reliance to no longer need our support. We watch where your money goes—and we know it helps.

How are donations used? 88.7% of Foster Parents Plan's total income goes directly toward our overseas programs and provides material aid and services to your Foster Family, including counseling, guidance, medical and dental care, education and much more.

How does Foster Parents Plan help the community? We endeavor to get community leaders to determine what their needs are before we establish a plan of action with them. The community must participate in the plan, and provide the labor while PLAN supplies materials to meet their goals. Consumer cooperative stores are set up, youth and study centres established, dams, wells and latrines are built, poultry and pig-raising projects are begun—and these are but a few examples.

Antonia Feltner, 30, Montreal actress recruited for her role in the rambly biopic *The Masquerade*, has decided to turn her back on a bookending Hollywood and write her own Canadian films. Although actor **Richard Dreyfuss** invited her in addition for his next movie, *When Left Is It Anyway?*, Feltner was unimpressed. "Richard believes I should be a star in Los Angeles," she says, "but the role just wasn't right for me and I couldn't relate to the whole Hollywood machine." Instead, the 28-year-old actress will be featured in *Telus and Cibo*, a film about two women, one married with her sister Lesage and sold to Picasso, the producer of *Les Deux Femmes*. Though Feltner is also adapting a true love story written by her aunt, she has yet to dramatize the life of her ambassador father, **Sergeant**, or her brother, **Joan**, coauthor of *The Canadian Oyster*.

Everyone thinks she's crazy but that's not stopping blonde Edmonia teen-ager **Sandy Penneck** from setting off this week on her hands and knees for an estimated 10-day crawl to Calgary and into the pages of the Guinness Book of World Records. After winning a television program on Guinness record holders last month, Penneck leaped through the time of champagne and hit upon the crawl. "It seemed easy but challenging," Penneck says. Unlike many marathon junkies, the crawl is no altruistic endeavor. "I'm doing it for personal satisfaction. My boyfriend beat \$200 on me." Traveling at 2.1 km per hour, Penneck is aiming for speed as a few record the first day of the crawl in 20 km in 31 hours, 30 minutes, and distance for the rest of the way. Adults Penneck: "You have to be crazy to survive in this world."

New York City spent some \$300,000 (U.S.) and assigned 2000 security officers last week to protect Britain's visiting **Prince Charles**, but the best-laid plans couldn't shield the groom-to-be from the madness of his sympathizers. Outside Manhattan's Lincoln Center, where Prince Charles attended a gala benefit celebrating the 50th anniversary of England's Royal Ballet, vocal demonstrators wore **Bobbo Sando T-shirts**, banged garbage can lids on the sidewalks and chanted, "Parasite royalty must go." Inside the theatre, where guests had paid from \$500 to \$1,500 for seats, demonstrators disrupted the performance of *The Sleeping Beauty* by running through the aisles shouting, "There's blood on your hands" and "You are murdering the Irish." Prince Charles didn't bat a well-bred eyelash.



Feltner, couldn't relate to Hollywood

Earlier in the day, according to New York's mayor, **Ed Koch**, the prince had confessed that he had "a great deal of sympathy for Irish Catholics."

The macho pop image projected in TV shows such as *Shogun* and *Match* is resulting in recruits who are arrogant and abusive, according to **West Vancouver, B.C., Chief Constable**

Kimley Reagan and **Prince Charles** can overcome adversity



Joe Harbeck. Says Harbeck, 55, president of the B.C. Association of Chiefs of Police: "The degradation of violence [and] private eyes with superman movie images, is creating a lessening of respect for law and order." Harbeck's association is asking its parent body, the Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police, to ask the TV industry to correct this false image, but it may all come too late. Most cop shows—*Police Story*, *Police Women* and *Starline* and *Witch*—have long since bitten the dust, while *3-2-1 Call* shows the cop drama loaded on realistic, has never generated good ratings.

And now for something completely different in the tiased world of prepubescent high fashion: A 12-year-old who looks like a 12-year-old, **Kim Ulmer**, a wholesome Grade 7 student from Langley, B.C., recently won the



Ulmer, a 12-year-old who acts her age

ramp modeling, photo movement and TV commercial segments of the Modeling Association of America International competition in New York City. Decked out in roller skates and suspenders for the TV spot, Kim beat contestants from Canada and the United States in an ad she wrote herself for "something I knew about"—bubble gum. The five-foot, two-inch, 84-pound Ulmer, who is currently in a national TV ad for *Saturday's Party* Pride Pudding Race, is picking up a lot of newspaper and radio work as the West Coast always in the guise of a normal healthy kid, unlike 16-year-old **Brooke Shields** who simulated sex on the set of *Endless Love* by having her feet tickled to make her writhle.

When old friends and show biz legends **Paul Bunney** and **Elle Fitzgerald**, both 63, crossed paths at Toronto's Royal York Hotel last week, ex-musique **Gino Sguri** spotted a chance for a reunion photo and, perhaps, a play for the Imperial Room where Fitzgerald is appearing. Bunney, in town to promote *The Fox and the Hound*, an animated Disney feature in which her mellow tones resound from an earthly owl named **Mr. Mama**, wasn't buying. "I knew when I'm being used, and let me

tell you no one, but no one, uses **Pauline**," she said flatly. "Honey, Ella and I are more than friends, we are sisters, and I love to see her but I won't intrude on her rehearsal time and I will not be used." Bunney reacted briefly when Fitzgerald came to her room, photographs in tow, to thank her for a gift of roses.

There was no halos in the stockyards of Saskatchewan last week as beef farmers demanding federal drought relief formed picket lines to stop the movement of cattle for sale. In Ottawa, the Canadian Cattlemen's Association met with a federal committee studying importation regulations that could protect Canadian markets from



Sguri (left) promotes Disney, and crosses paths with Fitzgerald; tough guy Spillane leaves Hammer for kid lit



an influx of foreign-grown steaks and rounds. Amid the rural agrarise over high interest rates, production cuts and sky-high interest markups, the president of the Ontario Cattlemen's Association, **Don**, announced that he had recently liquidated his herd of 100 head cattle to concentrate on growing corn. "It was a question of the economics of feeding the cattle corn and not being able to get my costs back," explains **Look**, who plans to return to beef as soon as the market permits. "I am a farmer, what can't I say? I love cattle."

"I am not a religious person in the sense of sects and such, but I do believe in doing things first-class," says **Melba Rogers**, 42, whose series of style columns monthly with that of naming. "My evangelical **Alma Sempie McPherson** Rogers plays McPherson in the new play *AMERICA*, which opens at the Charlottesville Festival on July 3. Written and scored by **Patrick Swayze** and **Bob Arvey**, *AMERICA* charts the tale of the country girl from Ingersoll, Ont., who began cranking for the Lord before the First World War. At first, McPherson's message was celebrated under a patchwork tent, but it blossomed into the million-dollar *Pearlman* Gospel Church in Los Angeles, Calif., with a 5,000-seat temple and a private radio station. *AMERICA* portrays McPherson, indoctrinations and all in 1926, she Jesus Christ for a mortal man and disappeared. Her following assumed she was dead. Says Rogers: "America was a superstar. She wore a rick coat and had two face-lifts long before it was fashionable."

At 63, **Hickey Spillane**, the toughest author of such macho mysteries as *My Gun My Game*, *Alvin Karpis* and *The Execution*, has turned his typewriter to the softer waxes of children's books. "When you get to the end of your career, you want to do things for fun," says Spillane, whose books have sold 20 million copies in North America. *The Day the Sea Rolled Back* is a novel with shipwrecks, tropical undergrowth and a happy ending for two juvenile male sleuths. In contrast to the adventures of his profane and violent adult heroes, **Mike Hammer** and **Tiger Mace**, Spillane's kid lit effort contains "only impending violence" and no rough language. *The Ship That Never Was* and *The Striking Island* are scheduled for next year, and a fourth may include a female interest but still no violence. Explains Spillane: "The kids never fight. They use their smallness, their agility, to prevent grown-up violence."

—EDITED BY BARBARA MATTHEWS

Economies of scale in a minor key

Maclean's Panel of Economists predicts a continued squeeze

By Anthony Whittingham
and David Coates

Even in the darkest hours economists are not without a sense of humour. Back in the days when federal governments in Canada actually did things to manage the economy, many a wry economist used to liken those efforts to the rearranging of deck chairs on the Titanic. Now, when the federal government's debt reaching three is a new national joke circulating among economists ("Surface immediately," radios the captain to his under-water dive "The ship is sinking"), Abraham Rotstein, professor of political economy at the University of Toronto, shared the paraphrased MacLeans last week with his fellow members of the Maclean's Panel of Economists. As an indication, however, that economists are only partially pessimistic and still as academic as ever, it was Douglas Price, vice-president and chief economist of the Toronto-Dominion Bank, who drew the biggest laugh later in the day. "I think we can safely conclude," he chuckled, "that any further government policy will not add to economic momentum."

Last week's symmetrical meeting of the Maclean's panel provided an opportunity to assess economic prospects for the coming months and, as well, to track the changes that have occurred so far in 1981. What emerged is that the performance of the Canadian economy so far in 1981 has been better in some areas but worse in others than they had predicted no months ago at their last meeting. While interest rates have hit 30 per cent (10 points higher than they predicted last December), real GNP grew 2.9 per cent in the first quarter, outstripping their expectations and will achieve a healthy four per cent by year-end if it continues. Inflation and the unemployment rate reacted equally unpredictably to the monetary policies that produced high interest rates. Namely to decline, inflation hit its four-crypt upward to a current level of 12.3 per cent. The anticipated rise in unemployment, on the other hand, has not

materialized: the country's jobless rate continues to fall and now sits at about seven per cent. It's obvious that a consumer-led recovery—anticipated following 1980's strong fourth quarter and a continued surge in this year's first quarter—won't materialize this year, but with inflated prices and the high cost of money (interest), predicts Anna Guthrie, economist for the Lawton, Guthrie, McCutcheon & Co. brokerage house, reduced real income and consumer uncertainty will curtail 1981 spending. Those with money are making real gains by depositing savings in high-yielding money accounts, others, says John Grant, director and chief

executive at a real estate brokerage. As many as 30,000 new units may be built this year, up from last year's 130,000.

Three key underlying problems dogged the economy a year ago and over time as problems today. Some resolutions must be achieved, says the panel, in dealing with the three evils: inflation, energy pricing and the vulnerability of the Canadian dollar in world markets. A year ago, the panel was optimistic that conditions and prospects were better in Canada than in the U.S. Inflation was lower, growth was higher and Canada seemed poised to emerge from the 1980 recession more quickly and with greater buoyancy than the U.S. This year, in what Abraham Rotstein calls the "betwixt effect," those roles have been reversed. Though its economic battles are far from over, Rotstein says, the U.S., under the new Reagan administration, seems to be making greater strides than Canada in putting its house in order—a growing gap which, if anything, will likely widen further into 1982. Panel members were somewhat skeptical of the evangelist, almost fundamentalist, fervor characterizing the prevailing "supply-side" school of economic management guiding the policy-makers of "Reagan-

era" government should find fiscal measures to augment the monetary restraints imposed by the central bank. But they're not convinced the U.S. route holds the answers, especially the much touted U.S. tax cuts—aimed at stimulating production and promoting investment—as these are already in place. Even though Canada's system of tax reduction and business capital cost depreciation. And so far, they haven't produced any of the spectacular results the U.S. is so boldly predicting. "Maybe the

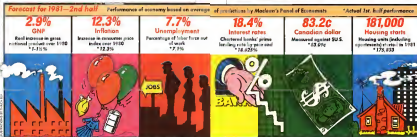
we're tied to U.S. interest rates more than ever before." When U.S. rates go down later this year, Rotstein says, Canadian rates will probably have to remain slightly higher than U.S. rates. And petroleum products will be up again in 1982 to levels above the 1981 record. Worse, Canada has yet to absorb the impact of world energy price increases, even though prices in Canada are up nearly 50 per cent at the gas pump since the launching of the \$17 last October. Throughout the ongoing federal gov-

has now largely absorbed the shock. That's a convincing argument, Rotstein says, for Canada to take the next step, though his own estimate is that Canada won't match current world prices until the end of 1986 at the earliest.

What the recent record performance signals for the general health of the economy isn't entirely clear. With the economy expanding while the squeeze on consumers and industries continues, the panel foresees labor unrest later



Angerstein, Guthrie, Peters (above left), Rotstein (immediately above), Grant



economist of Wool Gundy Ltd., are using savings to pay off high-interest loans at a faster rate. On the positive side, new job-hunting strategy and business investment outpaced expectations early in the year. In Ontario, for example, where auto industry problems and a rash of plant closings have threatened to wreck the manufacturing sector, job growth last month alone was up four per cent. In housing, the reorientation of tax credits for construction of rental units and the renewal of rental ceilings in Al-

berta," but they acknowledged it is having a powerful psychological impact in convincing Americans to "tough out" the current anti-inflationary program of tight money and high interest rates. In Canada, by contrast, where Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Bosty's monetary policies are perceived as the sole source of economic mismanagement—making Bosty the main lightning rod for the current anti-inflationary program—there seems to be little support among Canadians for a program of economic restraint. The panel argues that the fed-

difference in the confidence factor, says Gerald Angerstein, director of the Canadian Bank Research Institute. "It's sort of the John Wayne school of economic management."

What makes Canada's interest rate problems more complex than the U.S., says Douglas Peters, is that rates have to take into account not only inflation but currency exchange levels as well. "Because of the bad press worldwide generated by the National Energy Program (NEP) and Canada's generally poor investment climate at the moment,

virtual stalemate over oil revenues sharing producers' returns have barely changed, Angerstein says, while close to 90 per cent of the increase—the equivalent of 30 cents per million an oil barrel—has gone into federal coffers in the form of diagnosed excise taxes. This has led to what John Grant refers to as a "false wave" of inflation—rising prices are up while the underlying problem remains unresolved, with still higher prices yet to come. The U.S., on the other hand, moved quickly to absorb world prices in less than two years and

this year as unions vie for wage settlements that amount to little more than a "catch-up" on inflation's jolting. Without a well-defined strategy for the country's oil, the lingering prospect is that the country will simply muddle along treating only the symptoms. It adds up to what Rotstein describes as "a hell of a gloomy year in 1980" for the federal government.

If Canada's economy in 1981 seems to be sending out a blur of conflicting messages, the danger ahead may lie in an even greater blur of social and political responses. The slow shifts of inflation and the jolting jolt of high interest rates—combined together in a disorienting infirmity with as doctor apparently present—clearly pose a painful strain upon Canadian society at all levels, from labor and business to the politicians and policy-makers who must serve for nations. The greatest challenge may lie in seeking to forge the political consensus necessary to carry the country through the current sustained period of economic storms. All too often, says the panel, Canada relies on the elephant's tail of the border to get most of its goods and services. The elephant behind this time, the old methods may not be enough. ☐

Return of the cane mutiny

Can free enterprise be both alive and housed in a museum too?

By Frederick McQueen

Larry Zoff is about to die for capitalism what Benjamin Franklin did for nuclear proliferation. But before the idea, a word about its sponsor. Larry, the CBC's roving stomach, is the product of a rough-and-ready north-west. He learned of life and Marxist-Leninist politics while being bounced on his father's knee until he was old enough to go out and find work. As a result, he didn't know that Conservatives or Liberals even existed before he left home at 36.

When he did move east and meet folk of other political stripes, he made a pact with all their houses. At various times he was an archivist to Ontario Tory Premier Leslie Frost, an election hand for steelworker leader William Mulroney and a fan of the late Liberal and businessman Robert Winans. Her first pol had his noticeable nose into living rooms on the CBC's prominent Flax Avenue New Street. Days and was once memorably cued by an unate Pierre Stogey as the watching camera rolled.

His self-description is his *Diocese of the Disheveled* as the Jaded Observer in Zoff as his self-deprecating best, "blessed or cursed by the ownership of a married face and glasses marginal to that the glasser came off but the nose didn't."

No nose, not even himself, the prime minister, can beat this man at one-liners. Or grace. At the launching of *Disheveled* in 1973, the invited guests had gathered in the Parliamentary Press Gallery lounge, including Pierre Trudeau, the bar of multiformity in the book and an unusual visitor to such lowly territory. Zoff arrived late, decked out in his usual turban-like, his tongue wired, as always, upward, the same head-tilting mania looking to destroy anything lightning. Spring Trades in the center of the room, Zoff steered a course toward him and cried, "You look familiar. Who the f--- are you?" Trudeau, again, proceeded to introduce himself. Zoff was within earshot, engaged and drew back so far that they could have

watched the windows at the Chateau Laurier hotel.

This is the man, then, who has personified his little brain and frantic bravado toward capitalism. For it has come to pass that the Toronto Stock Exchange (TSE), for 45 years home to nervous floor traders on its present Bay Street site and one of the few major buildings erected during the Depression, will soon be empty. That 1897 opening marked the moment when the spectre of Canadian business began



moving assembly from Montreal up the St. Lawrence River to Toronto. It is a procession that some on Montreal's St. James Street refuse to acknowledge yet, just as many in today's Toronto don't know that power is flowing farther west, Calgary-bound, even as they preen.

The sculptor who carved the freeze of people marching across the TSE facade had a point-of-view. In the line is a top-hatted businessman with his hand clearly thrust into the side pocket of the worker walking in front. That's one man's view of capitalism, an economic system that Zoff wishes to celebrate as the first prepares to move into new quarters around the corner down King Street. What idea with the new-western symbol of Canada's free market system? Well, place it under glass like some stuffed pheasant, says Zoff. Create a museum of capitalism in the old TSE.

It's an idea that Zoff has tried as no less than Conrad Black, young char-

man of Hollinger Argus. His response was positive, not surprising from one who has authored a view of history that he would write a 750-page biography of Maxine Douglas. Or maybe Black sees the museum taking shape along the lines of Hotel des Invalides in Paris where Napoleon has extended (that's Napoleon, not me, say himself, one day, so enhanced).

Meanwhile, here's a sneak preview of what the place might look like. No stilted Maxine Tarnaud's was mounted in place, no not listed. It could copy the participatory exhibits of Ottawa's National Museum of Science & Technology. To demonstrate business risk, one display might entail passers-by to press a button—and lose their shirts. Another face could house reconstructions of famous places from which businessmen have operated. Harold Ballard's penitentiary cell, for example, some statutory should be included, although it is true that most businessmen wait profiles so low that they crawl to work. A few who might be accused: Hugh Allan, who donated's telegraphed pink, "I must have another \$10,000," or Sir Sam Hughes, who mounted Canada's First World War effort including rifles that caused unnecessary Canadian deaths, Sir Joseph Flavelle, who may or may not have sold bad meat to the troops, and CIBC President Donald Gordon, one of the few in business ever long and barred in effigy. A whole room could be papered with stock certificates from Viola MacMillan's World of News. And, as a commemorative marker, earn in the street outside, Zoff's nose—suitably braided.

The place may or may not follow such a design, but a committee, the Friends of the TSE, is forming to make plans. Perhaps what this really means is that Canadian capitalism, in a dewable sense the government's laid out the private holders of the Lafarge Canal in 1881, has finally died. After all, don't a museum house anything there? Free enterprise just need one more thing to get this rolling: a government grant.

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Just one room at the top

Willie Wood is the only black head coach in pro football

By Ken Becker

When he left the University of Southern California in 1968, he was a twice-honored all-conference quarterback. He was not drafted by the pros but signed as a free agent with the Green Bay Packers—as a defensive back, a “black position.”

Willie Wood is black.

When he finished his playing career after 15 years with the Packers—five times on a championship team, six consecutive times (1964 to 1971) as all-pro, a member of the National Football League's (NFL) mythical “all-decade” team of the '60s, an articulate and savvy craftsman—he landed a job as an assistant coach, responsible for the San Diego Chargers' defensive secondary, “black position.” He wanted to coach and it was a start. It led to one precarious season (1975) as head coach of the Philadelphia Bell in the now-dead World Football League. When the Bell died, so did Willie Wood's head coaching career in the United States. He started a year for the Oakland Raiders but didn't like being that far away from the field. But if he wasn't going to get a head coach's job in the NFL, why be in football, he figured. And he wasn't going to get a top job. He is black, remember. A black name has led an NFL team. Not even. Not now.

Willie Wood went into the construction business in his home town of Washington, D.C. He became a sewage ticket bidder, a fix, an observer at Washington Redskins games. He was better and disappointed. He spoke out against race prejudice in the hierarchy of the NFL and its 28 member teams. It didn't improve his chances of landing the job he sought, the head coach's cap he believed he was qualified to wear.

“I decided I had to get down off my soapbox and take care of my life and my family,” he says now. His wife, Sheila, and sons, Andre and Willie Jr., needed breadwinners, not a crusader. Wood, now 44, resigned himself to a lifetime in the construction business.

Then, in 1978, Forrest Gregg, a former Parker team-mate of Wood's, was named head coach of the Oakland Football League (OFL) Tornado Argonauts. He called Wood and offered him a job. He turned it down. There a major



Wood: “I get the impression I’m constantly being monitored.”

construction project turned near Gregg called upon Wood accepted assistant coach, defensive secondary. He needed the job. When Gregg resigned after one season, he'd been back to the NFL, Wood got the top job. Last year, he became the first black head coach in the history of the CFL, the new and only black head coach in North American football.

Law Hargis, president of the Argos, says the decision was easy. “We wanted to stay in the organization and keep the continuity started under Forrest. We knew if Willie was white I would have hired him.” The Argos received a number of anonymous hate calls. It didn't bother Hargis. “I hired the first black player [Black Tuesday, for the Montreal Alouettes, in 1949] and now I've hired the first black coach. Whether it's a player or a coach all I'm concerned with

is if he can help us, that's the way I view it.”

“Sure I felt the pressure of being the first,” Wood was saying in his office at Edmontium Stadium in Toronto last week. “I feel I'm the one who's going to be used to measure the performance of a black head coach. I get the impression I'm constantly being monitored.”

Willie Wood knows he is on the spot. He knows there are those in pro football who would like to see him fail, who would like to say, “I told you so.” When asked about the allegations of prejudice against black players, he reaches for a report as a shield in his Argos office. It is titled *Racialist, Discriminative: A Study of Mismanagement in Professional Football*. It was commissioned by the NFL Players Association and released last fall. It details system-

atic discrimination against black football players, stereotyping of skills and attributes. It says that black players are pigeonholed into playing “black positions”—running back, wide receiver, defensive back. And that white players are assumed to have the skills of leadership: positions—quarterback, center, linebacker, guard.

Blackie make up 56 per cent of the players on NFL rosters last year, CFL estimates put its percentage at 55. And most of them, in the NFL, were playing “black positions.” According to the report, “black athletes were overrepresented at less central positions thought to require strength, quickness, endurance and speed, and were underrepresented at central positions believed to require intellect, leadership, poise under pressure, finesse, technique and control.” It said that the qualities assumed to be white traits were the same as those sought in a professional coach, creating a rather frustrating Catch-22 for aspiring black NFL coaches.

The NFL's response to the study was that it assumed all NFL head coaches were promoted through the playing ranks, while pointing out that 70 per cent of its coaches, both former and non-players, served an apprenticeship coaching a major university. It did not say why no black has been among the other 30 per cent who vault from player to head coach, men like Wood's former team-mate, Bart Starr, a former quarterback, now head coach of the Packers, nor did it say how many major universities, dependent on overbearing alumni for athletic contributions, were hiring black head coaches.

Nor did the NFL respond to the initial threat of the report, that the league stereotypes players from the time they are drafted. Not by was Wood assumed to be a pro quarterback, despite his college credentials, but Wood's current quarterback, Condredge Holloway, a black, acquired from Ottawa in the off-season, found a life in the CFL, mainly because the NFL refused to consider him as a quarterback when he transferred as an offensive lineman to the University of Tennessee in 1974. “The New England Patriots drafted me as a defensive back,” says Holloway. “Ottawa wanted me as a quarterback, which made the decision easy.”

Holloway says Wood is the first black coach he has played for since his father was tutoring him as a kid. But he would not compare Wood to white coaches. “I've still got to play in this league,” he said. “You can't expect me to get into that—not now.”

passed when the pressure was on. “I don't think the players have a problem with it,” Wood says. “I think it's the owners and big business. Would a company buy 300 soccer tickets in Chicago [if the Bears had a black head coach]?”

Wood would accept an NFL head coaching job if it was warranted.

Right now, I just want to win here,” he says, a challenging enough task considering the woeful recent past of the Argonauts. “If we were here and I was offered a job in the National Football League I'd probably turn it down because, even if I were offered a job, I'd never get the control given there that I have up here. Here I feel as control of my own destiny. If I failed down there I would be a failure as a black coach, whatever it was I failed or not.”

Well, will things change in the NFL?

“I don't think it's ever going to change. I don't think anybody really gives a damn.”

◆

Paying for play, the evils therein

New national events capture less of the Canadian imagination than the professional American ones. No matter who sport—even the flag-ship College Bowl of football struggles—interest in university athletics is usually confined to the underdogs in the stands. The sports are true in the U.S. where baseball, swimming and wrestling championships draw vast attention, basketball tournaments run on prime-time television, regular season football games draw crowds in excess of 100,000 and host games become multi-million-dollar extravaganzas. Aside from population differentials, the reason for the disparity is athletic scholarships.

U.S. colleges actively compete for the services of athletes in every sport and attract some of the best Canadian high school athletes—Leo Rautava of Toronto—trained as an offensive lineman at the University of Tennessee in 1974. “A typical example. No school in Canada could match the U.S. offers College sports in the U.S. is big business, scholarship budgets massive, revenue often sufficient to defray facilities, alumni contributions.

Last week, the Canadian Interuniversity Athletic Union adopted a motion to allow schools to give awards to athletes who have completed at least one year at the donor university. The limit was set at \$10,000 (almost insignificant in U.S. terms). The move was not intended, in fact, a one-year maintenance on scholarships was all that was denied last year. The day after the decision, Ontario uni-

versities voted as a bloc to pull out of all men's national championships in protest. After years of losing top athletes to the U.S., Ontario schools are now concerned about losing them to Western Canadian and Maritime universities. The Ontario schools are seeking boundary and entry limits and slightly restrictions. If compliance is not worked out in a meeting next week, national championships will attract even less attention.

Recently, a piece of advice last week came from Frank Kush, new coach of the Canadian Football League's Hamilton Tiger-Cats, much at Arizona State University last year. Kush, recently acquainted of attack as an Arizona State player a player who charged that Kush tried to intimidate him into giving up his scholarship, said: “Recent, non-alike and recruiting. They are the three evils of college athletics.” Echoing the anti-scholarship principle long voiced in Canada, Kush said, “With scholarships you get a different perspective of the entire sport and your values, as far as your education is concerned, begin to become tarnished.”

—RALPH QUINN

Realist: Canadian schools can't compete



An enduring vein of courage

George Gabori's resistance against evil celebrates the human spirit

By Barbara Amiel

There is a story that belongs to Canada. Today's political upheavals have made Toronto a safe place for survivors, dreamers—and heroes. Such a hero is George Gabori, a 36-year-old Toronto taxi driver, a very little-known, unassuming, barely of freedom and red. About a month ago, his life story appeared in a book called *When Evil Wore Must Free*. The book was rightly celebrated the moment it appeared.

As *Globe* and *Mail* critic Wilfrid French accurately put it, it is a "triumphant book. Without any heroes or painkillers, Gabori's story grows convincing in the simple phrase more than words: 'I'm the man. Like a character from commedia dell'arte, Gabori is a stereotype of the impertinent Jew. All smart-alecky chutzpah, with a compulsion to point a finger at the emperor with no clothes. Perhaps any quality displayed at the right time can become a quality of moral significance.' Gabori earned chutzpah into such a virtue, pointing out time and time again the nakedness of evil, indifference to truthfulness and ethnic bigotry.

Being a Jewish activist in the left wing of Hungary's Social Democratic Party when Hungary was Hitler's ally was an act of sheer, courageous honesty. Gabori says, if he had been in the Dachau concentration camp and then to the Theresienstadt death camp in Germany.

The miracle of his survival might be said rather than summarized. But back in Hungary after the war Gabori's book was not published. His Social Democratic activism led to the torture chambers of the Communists and then to their forced labor camp at the great sources of Rönk. One of the great sources of army in the book comes when the AVO (Communist secret police), informed at being called. Since by Gabori, explain to him in a hurt tone that they will now torture him until he understands the difference between them and the Gestapo. It was an understanding Gabori refused to reach, he had also instinctively arrived at Solz-

nitsky's great understanding that if you do what the devil wants, things will not necessarily become better. Had he signed a confession to avoid further torture, he would likely have been executed as a spy, as others had been. No metaphors can do justice to the physical and mental bravery displayed by this man, nor celebrate more convincingly the power of the human spirit.

But there is a further cause for celebration. Though the book is noted as an autobiography, is a certain sense it

requires little money to live as Palady and Johnson do. It came to Gabori's attention about the time that he finished his 800 pages of notes that the financial position of Palady and Johnson was extremely precarious. The two men were debating whether or not to reduce the publisher's population. True to his record of honesty every year, Gabori's concern became an whether a book could be created out of his notes but he could not proceed since money for his friends.

It was then that Gabori became aware of a seemingly obscure fund that the secretary of state has available for the translation of multicultural materials into one of Canada's official languages. Consequently, Eric Johnson—a man of peculiar brilliance—took the 800 pages of Gabori's material and turned them into 290 pages of superb, laconic English prose. Somewhat like the Holy Ghost, hovering over Gabori's thoughts and Johnson's pen, was the guiding spirit of both, the humanist and poet George Palady. These three people in a

way triumph of collaboration produced this extraordinary book to serve some good ends from starvation.

It took another quarter to complete the task. From the rolling waves and mobile leaf of Old British Columbia came free-verse scholar and editor Ramsey Derry. He looked at the manuscript, spotted errors and shepherd it into the relatively small publishing house of Deneau Publishers. As a consequence of the multicultural grant, it was necessary that the book have some "Canadian significance." And as an epilogue was tasked on noting the fact that many of the graduates of Dachau and Rönk have come to Toronto. The epilogue happened to be true. In other words, today, under what system but ours, could courage and generosity thrive so splendidly, driving them, seeking goldmines, writing novels in Latin, encouraged by some of the establishment and subsidized by the secretary of state of Canada, as Gabori urges in his conclusion, we must stand on guard for them.



Kansas City stars

THE LAST OF THE BLUE DEVILS

Directed by Bruce Rabin

Few films capture the feel of an audience as effectively as *The Last of the Blue Devils*. The ruckus that thrived in Kansas City in the '20s and '30s is as persuasive an influence on the film as it is uplifting to the spirit. The casual confusion of the Mutual Mainframe Foundation proved to be a perfect venue for this wacky mess where the likes of Chuck Bass, Jay McShane and Ray Joe Turner gathered there in 1974 with other Kansas City jazz about for a session that translates into visual rhythm on film. Shot at film festivals in Montreal, Chicago and London, *Blue Devils* is finally making its way into Canadian theatres.

The *Blue Devils* were a group of musicians who took their name from the barbed-wire cutters used during the range wars between cattlemen and farmers. Founded in the mid-'20s by bandleader Walter Page and directed by band leader Benji Mason, it was the first big band. Chuck Bass ever played

in. Graduates include such innovators as Lester Young and Charlie Parker.

The survivors of that era are now almost as rare as their early recordings, but mention of the corner of 18th and Vine triggers a jumble of music and anecdotes. After barreling through *Slack*, *Rock* and *Roll*, Turner, who began his career as a singing bartender, speaks freely of "a big, fine chick in Texas," who slept with a post-handled at his dressing "so you don't mess up too much, you know." Bass often wearing his trademark sailing cap and is greeted with good-natured hecklers. "Big wheel, you left the ship," snarled McShane explains that Charlie Parker earned his "farther" nickname when the band bus hit a couple of chickens and Parker insisted on parking them up for a future meal.

Director Rabin allows the boys from the band a loose rein, capturing the spontaneity right down to an impromptu tap dance by Speedy Higgins. When Billy Levell joins Jo Jones in a drum duo, Bass's face lights up as he comments, "Now there's a drummer for



McShane: smiling and easy music

you... if a fly jumped out on a piece of paper, he'll play it." Two of the musicians have died since the release, a poignant reminder that these really are the last of the *Blue Devils*. As a historical document, the film is invaluable. As a celebration, it is an invitation to a memorable, foot movement. —MARGA ROULSON

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RETURN OF THE BROCADED ADVENTURER

Shoe Johnson and his five Bombers
40-Year Reunion

THE LOUNGE LEGARDS

The Lounge Legends
(Miltons R/R PolyGram)

The refurbishing of just ready-made with the same ironic irreverence that first fashioned them should be done more often. Both these bands thrust forward their own decorative editions of jazz with great humor and skill. Currently strutting through the Toronto bars, Shoe Johnson and his five Bombers are a scruffy outfit modelled on jump bands from the '60s. While only adequate as a blues shouter, Johnson really shines in their fast-talking showman, and is an outstanding lead singer. With a four-horn frontline snugged into sync by a punchy rhythm section, the Bombers often fade behind Johnson's comedy as if this were three-card monte. But hearing them strut, even intermittently, and tightening their focus on *Theme for Coleman*, *Hardness* will make you a believer as well as a reveller. Recorded before a live studio audience, *Return of the Brocaded Adventurer* is more a testament of their salon-styled show than a realized album. But even as an artifact, it pumps and kicks well enough.

In the Grade B film *war* genre of the '60s, a lone man walled out the sinister mystery of rain-soaked streets. Let it

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The Lounge Lizards *around jazz*

except, regular arrangements, the sound was a kind of jazz that existed only in the movies. No player of the period was so constructed and reified of purpose. A whole generation later, hermetically sealed within this music, the Lounge Lizards have gone a little strange (and bring this strangeness to Toronto's Polka Bayle on June 26). The Lizards follow the best new wave tradition, although it's hard to say whether the cinematic influence of Jean-Luc Godard or the musical influence of Johnny Rotten is more prevalent. Dissonance, broken rhythms and post-free jazz interludes abound on this debut, illustrating how the Lizards use this avant-garde jazz as their re-creation of '50s rock. The results are often funny and always foolish. Aside from several cacophonous tantrums, the group has a determined cool. Sax player John Lurie, their main writer and soloist, is seldom at a loss even if the other musicians show up as rowdy and anxious dilettantes. —BART TESTA

JOE COUGHLIN
Joe Coughlin
(Algonquin)

Male jazz singers are such rare birds that the appearance of a new one is occasion for kind wishes. Since the album also launches the new player, Joe Coughlin, and features a quartet of established names such as Don Thompson on bass and Bernie Senensky on keyboards, it is difficult to concentrate on Coughlin's needs. Rick Wilbur's arrangements try too hard to give everyone a piece of the action and the honkey Latin rhythms aren't all that fetching to begin with. Out of a diverse bag of tunes, from Rodgers and Hart's *Down on the Corner* to Ella Fitzgerald's *Sugar on the Floor*, an understated *Here's That Boppy Day* and a moody *Round Midnight* provide the best showcase for Coughlin's smooth, vibrant voice. Even if one were to complain about his feck, arbitrary phrasing, it wouldn't mean that one wasn't very happy to make his second appearance. —DAVID LEVITSKY



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An abductor's haven

By Fred Blaser and Ann Wainstay

When Wendy Read allowed her son, Jason, to leave Southampton, England, in July, 1978, for a 18-day holiday with his father, she had no idea that the result would be an international custodial up-al-ear apoplexy, some very sensitive Canadian legal issues. At the time, she had been divorced from Robert Read for three years and held a custody order from the High Court of England, while Read himself had access rights. But instead of taking the father-son vacation, Robert abducted the five-year-old to Can-

ada, and Read desperately measures in a strange land: Jason's passport photo, international kidnappings.



ada, where they both disappeared. His failure to return Jason was found to be in contempt of the British court and a warrant was issued for his arrest.

With the weight of the law behind her, Wendy Read believed she had a good chance of retrieving her son. But the Canadian custody enforcement system, her lack of funds to hire a private investigator and the naive movements of Robert Read conspired to thwart her attempts. Moreover, contempt of court is not an extraditable offence—a fact that forced Wendy to come to Canada to search for her son. "You can rob a bank for money and the authorities will follow you," she says bitterly, "but when you rob a mother of her child,

they will do nothing."

Not until February, 1981, did she locate Robert in Calgary—partly due to lack of assistance from the Alberta attorney-general, Neil Crawford, and his department. Having found her errant husband, Wendy discovered that, in Alberta, at least, possession of a child really is *crimen inchoatum* of the law. In a hearing before an Alberta court in March, the judge, reluctant to displace the child, awarded interim custody to the father, even though the mother's lawyer argued that since Wendy still held a valid order, any dispute should rightfully be settled in England.



Fearing that she would lose in the final custody hearing, Wendy and her brother, Paul Rowlett, snatched the boy on May 8. They were arrested on their way to England and charged with breaking and entering, assault and abduction.

The Read case has generated bitter controversy over the effectiveness of Canadian custody enforcement laws. Although all provinces (but Ontario and Quebec have passed *in forma extra-provinciale* custody enforcement acts to help restore children to their custodial parents), some still remain havens. In the case of Alberta, Attorney-General Crawford has dismissed the Read case as "strictly civil proceedings between

two private parties." Adds Ethel Unsworth of the Alberta attorney-general's office: "We provide civil legal services, not where a person can get away with, beyond that it's up to the individual."

The intransigence of the Alberta attorney-general's department has raised the heads of some critics, including Winnipeg lawyer James MacLennan. Says MacLennan: "It's not against Neil Crawford, it's duty-bound on the facts as they stand, but the strongest moral obligation exists for him to act differently from the way in which he did." Adds Robin Macdonald-Tranter, a lawyer with the Alberta attorney-general's office: "I would have to try to enforce a Canadian order in Britain now."

Alberta is here in defensible criticism by painting to the courts themselves. Says Sandy Hagan, a lawyer with the Alberta attorney-general's office, who has been assigned to represent Jason: "The court acts in the best interests of the child and it is often reluctant to move a child once he has established a new home." This attitude, explains Frances Muldoon, president of the Law Reform Commission of Canada, "makes the court the accomplice of the abductor, no matter how long the child has been with the abducting parent." Alberta's policies are further confused by its recent decision to return a child abducted from Ireland who had been in the province for two years.

Approaches to custody order enforcement vary across Canada. Ontario, even without legislation, has tended to honor extra-provincial orders. Saskatchewan has produced a number of "very bad cases" in which provincial courts have created on one hand even though the children involved had been in the province only a few months. Ultimately, says Muldoon, the problem is that Crown attorneys and police regard these pre-natal matters as civil, not criminal, and aren't concerned with enforcement. Only Manitoba, surprise, Crown counsel, police investigation and child welfare services to assist a parent with an out-of-province custody order.

The tattered state of Canadian custody enforcement threatens to worsen in light of the federal government's proposed constitutional changes, which would transfer additional family law powers to the provinces. However, a radical solution is now pending in Bill C-61's proposed amendment to the Criminal Code, which would make abduction of a child under 14 a criminal offense punishable by two to five years in prison—determining potential kidnappers and preventing ones such as Wendy Read's. Says Muldoon: "Personally I would prefer it if abduction were not criminalized, but the province just isn't administering justice."

With files from Beryl McVie

From the Oil Patch to the executive suite

Two Calgary-based magazines move onto the national scene

By Gordon Legge

Although every day a barrage of publications compete for a manager's precious reading time, this month two new magazines landed on the desks of thousands of executives across Canada. Different in style and aim, both are published in Calgary—once the preserve of regional publicists but lately the focus of advertisers' delirium and decision makers' attention.

The aptly named *Energy*, newest venture of the Toronto-based CIE Media, seeks to cover no less than "the most important story in the country": the internal mechanisms of the oil, natural gas, coal and nuclear business. So says Editor Alexander (Sandy) Ross,

business or have a direct impact on it, offers a detailed accounting of industry's effect on national oil sands mega-projects and a first-hand look at the exodus of Canadian explorers to Denver. "You operate as if the reader is just an idiot to say you are," says Ross. "If it bores you it's probably boring him." The resulting strategy will be familiar to readers who saw Ross introduce *Toronto Life* and *Canadian Business* bold network, writing that rise with sports journalism for color and an emphasis on personal drama and gossip.

No such flamboyance for *Business Life*, which aims for the middle ground between the wide general appeal of *Canadian Business* and the members-oriented analysis of *Stockton's Executive*.



Stockton (left) Managing Editor Susan Marshall, Lindstrom, no-4th news

will leave for his director of *Toronto Life* and CIE's Canadian Business (Ross once a poet of CIE, as does Ray MacLennan, the publication's secretary in Inland Energy Minister Marc Lalonde.) While a plethora of trade publications, both Canadian and American, already report lead sales and firmest agreements to readers, Ross is moving to clear the territory between these journals of record and the general strategy-related coverage that any number of magazines are already offering the unimpaired reader. *Energy's* premier issue, mailed this month to 35,000 managers who either work in the energy

the publisher, Jorgen Lindstrom, and general manager, David Stokis, both Canadian Business veterans, stress a full business news which highlights the connection between commerce and politics, seen from a western perspective. "If we talk to Peter Loughhead, we might talk to him slightly differently than someone from Ontario," says Lindstrom. "We'll send a Western journal to interview Bill Davis."

When Lindstrom and Stokis bought the magazine last year—after an unadorned appraisal—there it was the then and parental *Business Life* in Western Canada. Now that the new



Managing Editor Bob Boff (left), Ross Beyond National agreements

owners have broadened the editorial scope, brightened up the artwork and, this month, doubled the circulation to 80,000 readers across the country, they are challenging the successful *Canadian Business*. A recent ad campaign in *Marketing* announced *Business Life* as "Canada's largest business magazine"—and drew an angry rebuttal from *Canadian Business* Publisher G. Wallace Wood, who drew the line at the campaign as "invasion to our reputation." While refusing to divulge his own June circulation figure, Wood maintains *Canadian Business* will remain No. 1.

Predictably, Wood foresees a dubious future for *Business Life*, which he describes as "half very much a trade magazine format." Also predictably, the magazine's new owners are optimistic. Concerning that *Business Life's* styling and design could use some polish, they insist that they will be giving advertisers the highest circulation at the lowest cost. As for *Energy*, it is benefiting from Ross's reputation, and in the Oil Patch, where industry gossip is the mooring of many a lunch, expectations are positive. Says Don Smith, manager of public affairs for Amoco Canada: "If it's going to inform *Business Canada* about what's going on out there, then I think it's a good idea." Adds Vice-Hampshire, editor of *Maclean's Business Outlook*: "I think there's a need for a good interpretive magazine to probe deeper into the oil and gas industry."

While it remains to be seen whether *Energy* and *Business Life* will come to be viewed as essential reading by their respective audiences, one thing is clear enough: in national circulation magazines deriving little revenue from subscriptions, they must derive their profits almost exclusively from advertising. No doubt both newspapers will encounter stiff competition, but for the business advertiser the outlook has never been brighter. ☐

Reaping a grim agricultural future

Canada faces losing its position as one of the world's most agriculturally productive areas



Dusts cover a car lot in Regina; dust storms reminiscent of the 1930s

By Peter van Stackelberg

Cloths of dust obscured the sun, and once-familiar landmarks disappeared as the dirty pall as the curb blown from soil plots. Blinded drivers, and dusty blooded ranch and railways. When the fertile Saskatchewan soil was swept from the land this spring, it was carried into southern Manitoba, northwestern Ontario and west into Alberta, where it mixed with oil refineries and fell from the sky as mud.

The dust storms of 1981 were the most dramatic example of the destruction of prime agricultural land since the 1930s. But soil impoverishment is not restricted to the western plains. Hundreds of thousands of tonnes of earth are washed from fields every year in Ontario, Quebec and the Atlantic provinces as well. And the weather is not the only culprit. The steady, progressive erosion of Canada's farmlands can be traced to accelerated injury caused by modern agricultural methods. From overuse of chemical fertilizers and pesticides to continuous food production. If this trend is not reversed, Canada will no longer be one of the world's most agriculturally productive areas.

Reinger Budan and his father produce grain on 2,000 acres near Assiniboia, Sask. In a good year, his land yields 36

did that to good land," Anderson says. "You just can't afford to have that sort of thing happen. It takes 30 or more years to get that land back."

But officials at the Saskatchewan agriculture department recently told a conference on soil in Swift Current, Sask., that the situation in Western Canada is critical. He pointed to the disastrous fates of previous civilizations such as Mesopotamia and the Phoenicians, which lasted only 150 years. If that estimate is correct, the highly productive wheat-growing areas of Canada have, at most, 80 years left. A similar situation threatens potatoes, corn and other crops in Eastern Canada. "The best areas of potato land, where two-thirds of the soil is eroded away," says John Damania, of the land resource research institute of Agriculture Canada. "At that stage the land is useless for potatoes."

Not an inevitable result of food production, the depletion is occurring because farmers are being forced to reap all they can from their acreage. "We are sacrificing our land resources for short-term economic gain," notes Damania. "Farmers are not deterring their land through ignorance, but through their need for cash."

Indeed, the economics of farming are at the core of the problem. Farmers face not only high interest rates and increasing costs (for machinery, fuel, chemicals and pesticides), but also low, unstable prices for their agricultural products. This situation makes it impossible

to sustain soil health. "It gives you a hopeless feeling watching it happen."



Anderson's vicious depletion

for many farmers to afford following sound agricultural practices, such as letting fields lie fallow to preserve their fertility. To operate a 100-acre farm under current economic conditions and survive financially, says Damania, farmers must keep land in continuous production.

Overworking the land gradually robs the soil of organic matter, making it less fertile and more vulnerable to erosion. "Organic matter is the primary source of nitrogen and the main source of minerals and trace metals," says Dan Reesie, a soil scientist at the University of Saskatchewan in Regina. Nitrogen, the most plentiful element in the atmosphere, is essential to life, and is fixed into the soil by bacteria and algae. But now much of that element has been lost. Says Reesie, "There were 100 pounds of nitrogen per acre available for crops each year in the first two decades the land in southern Saskatchewan was given to agriculture. That same land now can supply only one or 10 pounds of nitrogen each year."

Natural fertilizers such as dead leaves can restore organic matter, which has dropped by more than 50 per cent in the heavily farmed areas of Western Canada.

Mere to the point, the natural productivity of the soil has fallen by about 40 per cent in the past 70 years, says Reesie. One reason for the decrease is an improper balance between air, dirt and water in the structure of the soil, as Damania explains. For example, an acre should comprise about one-third of the volume of the soil to ensure fertility. If land is plowed too often, or when it is too wet or dry, air is squeezed out.

While minerals are essential, an overabundance can poison the soil. Increasing levels of mineral salts in the earth have become one of the major agricultural problems in Western Canada. High salinity occurs when water seeps through the soil and dissolves the salts, which then surface in large deposits. As

the concentration rises, the fertility of the land drops. Reesie believes that more than three million acres of land have been seriously damaged by salt in the past few years, and yields in those areas have dropped 50 per cent. "The land is not permanently damaged by salt," says Reesie. "But it takes a lifetime or more to fix the damage."

Paul Huxley, a member of the Saskatchewan alternative farmer's organization known as BacktoSoil, calls for more permanent solutions to stop the destruction. He doubts, though, that farmers will follow preventive mea-

sures low enough to reverse the trend. "People think about the problem when it happens, but once it is over with, they forget pretty quickly." Reesie's objective is to teach farmers how to save themselves from chemicals and use natural methods of weed and pest control such as bacteria and ladybugs. Crop rotations—which, for example, would alternate grain with such new foods as soybeans—increases soil fertility naturally. Says Huxley, "We already have many of the answers. It is just a matter of making use of them." □

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Giving collectors a break

Prospects are looking bright for Canadian art glass



Mohrman (above) with collector, Lisa (below, left) and client, Budgaters are hooked

By Joan Abbott

I was billed as Vancouver's first art glass exhibit. And when the last windowpane was polished, the event of the art crowd, as well as the curious, came to investigate. Among the first customers was window cleaner Wayne Mohrman, who had polished the Curlew Street Gallery's windows that morning. He paid \$250 for an iridescent amber bottle signed by Ontario artist Andrew Karts. In the morning he won, since 2,000 people bought out 25 per cent of the show.

The same trend is showing up across the country. Interest is rising in new art glass—handmade, one-of-a-kind pieces ranging from sculptured walls to wittily crafted lustreware vases. Seasoned collectors, as well as first-time glass buyers, are snapping up the best Canadian work, priced in the three- and four-figure range (well below American prices), and declaring it a bargain. Jakob Klenzky, co-owner of Toronto's The Glass Art Gallery, has about a dozen clients who buy museum-quality glass from all over the world and don't blink at four-figure price tags. But artists and gallery owners report that many people of limited budgets are also buying. "I know young people hooked on glass, who don't buy until for two weeks in order to pay for a sculpture they want," comments Elena Lee, owner of Montreal's Vase d'Art.

The main reason for the interest is probably a rising number of skilled Canadian glass artists. "When I came to Canada from the United States in 1974,

Daniel Critchton, glass master at Sheridan. Artists are using technology to explore the incredible brilliance and color of glass. It's no wonder that people are intrigued." Adds Peter Karligen, the Royal Ontario Museum's (ROM) seasonal fellow who helped install the 1977 exhibit *A Glimpse of Glass*: "People today are sick of Scandinavian modern and white slag. They want a little color, a little character, a little more. Artists are producing quality glass art that satisfies the need."

Some of these artists, of course, got their start during the '60s, peddling goblets and glass lamps at fairs or in art shops. Today those who took their work seriously are selling to elegant art galleries. The sculptors of glass artists such as Americans Mark Peiser and Harvey Littleton now command thousands of dollars—prices not far below those paid for Canadian-made glass (often considered the world's finest). A Karl Schantz vase recently resold in New York for \$4,000 (U.S.)—up from about \$1,000. And while experts debate whether the best domestically produced art glass comes up to American standards, or American glass to that



Schantz (above): more skilled artists

created in Czechoslovakia, the Canadian work is selling well. Gallery and artists nationwide report a significant increase in the prices people are willing to pay. "When we opened in June, 1978, prices ranged from \$50 to \$500 and most of the best pieces, by well-known artists, were sold to American collectors. Today prices run from \$250 to \$10,000 and up, and it's the Canadians who are buying," says Klenzky. Yet if few dispute that newly chosen art glass is a sound investment ("It will still be as useful when your fireplace is heating," observes the ROM's Karligen, most collectors say they buy simply for pleasure. "I'll want to invest, I'd buy mortgages," claims Toronto businessman collector Eric Olson. Adds another enthusiast, Ottawa computer executive Glenn Mohrman, "My glass is like my kids. I wouldn't part with either." ☐

A bad angel in the religion of love



THE TEMPTATION OF ELLEN HUGHES

By Brian Moore
(McClelland and Stewart, \$14.95)

In the 26 years since he published his acclaimed first novel, *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne*, Brian Moore has worked with quiet industry to create a body of fiction that has a significant place in contemporary literature. The *Temptation of Ellen Hughes* is his 12th novel, a short, tightly constructed work with only three main characters: Bernard McKelvey, 34, is a successful businessman, the richest Catholic in Lunenburg, Northern Ireland. His wife, Mona, is clever, beautiful and hard-eyed; a woman who was lured by his money, and enjoys the privileges and the power that go with it. Completing the triad is Ellen Hughes, a shy, convent-educated girl who is employed by the McKelveys in their department store in Lunenburg.

It is typical of Moore's subtlety as a novelist that the character of Bernard McKelvey is revealed through the eyes of Mona and Ellen. With his famous ability to penetrate the female psyche, Moore takes us into the minds of these two very different women, the one jaded and worldly, the other naive and innocent. By skillfully controlling the point of view, Moore gives us a composite picture of an awkwardly successful man whose inner life is a shambles—he is spiritually and emotionally maimed. Bernard has come to believe that "sex isn't love.... It's the opposite of love. Love, real love, is quite different from desire. It's like the love a mystic feels for God. It's worship...." Consequently, he turns away from physical relations

Moore, among women and cherishes men

with his wife, preferring to masturbate in his study. Bernard transfers his love to the attractive Ellen, and for a year and a half worships her from afar, while she has remained tacitly aware of his devotion.

In London, he declares his love to the astonished girl in wild, quasi-mystical terms, and asks her to marry him physically. But Mona is in a world of her own, a world of desire, and she is a mixture of disgust, bewilderment and pity, and Bernard attempts suicide in a scene that is harrowing and described. Recalling that he had once entered a monastery, Bernard tells Ellen: "I offered myself to God once. I wasn't wanted. So I rejected God then. And now, you're my God." This is one of Moore's favorite preoccupations: the survival or defeat of a person whose God has failed, and who must now face the desolate implications of a life without the consolation of religion. For the unlikely Bernard McKelvey, "love is a religion whose God is false," and that God is Ellen. To Mona, Ellen is something quite different: "The very bad angel in their lives, the new third partner in their marriage."

Moore is fascinated by the conflict between strong women and obscure, charismatic men. In most of his novels the men escape with brains and intellect; only in this case the man is destroyed. Ellen's triumph is to entice herself from the power of the McKelveys, whose wealth has allowed them to manipulate and arrange the lives of others to suit themselves. When Ellen renounces the temptation to fall in with their plans, she realizes that she has broken free of the spell cast by their money

When we leave her at the end of the story she has grown in moral stature, and is rewarded with a tragic dignity she did not possess before.

The mood of this novel is tragic, the scenes are subtly observed, the dialogue beautifully judged. The writing is spare, laconic, deceptively simple—a prose that moves to a complex drama to mark that Moore "can write more of his contemporaries into the ground." The *Temptation of Ellen Hughes* may not rank with Moore's best work—it lacks the sustained intensity of *An American Boy* (1960) or the perfection of *October* (1972)—but it is a fine novel nevertheless. And it should serve as a useful corrective for those who have complained since the huge financial success of *The Doctor's Wife* in 1955 that Moore has "gone commercial." In fact, as in all his other novels, there is none of the ostentatious earnestness or capitulation to personal standards that such a charge implies. Whether he chooses to tell his story as a conventional narrative, or in the form of a parable (Catholicism), or allegory (*The Great Victorian Collection*, 1976) or a Gothic tale with hints of the supernatural (*The Moorside*, forthcoming, 1979), Brian Moore is a magician who keeps pulling new surprises out of his hat. The only thing predictable about him is his cool logic as a novelist.

—HUBERT DE SANTANA

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Fiction

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3. *The Goodbye Girl*, Maclean (2)
4. *God Emperor of Dune*, Herbert
5. *Captain, Vol 1* (1)
6. *Goodbye, America*, Goodbye (1)
7. *Five Fall to Graciosa*, Maclean (2)
8. *SP4*, Davidson (3)
9. *My Darling, God, Post*
10. *Breath, Cool* (1)

Nonfiction

1. *The Eagle's Gilt*, Castleden (1)
2. *Common Sense* (7)
3. *The Lord God Made*
4. *My Darling, God, Post*
5. *Deborah's Book of the Royal Writings*, Debra (1)
6. *The New Canadian Year and*
7. *My Darling, God, Post* (1)
8. *My Darling, God, Post* (1)
9. *My Darling, God, Post* (1)
10. *The Northern Man*, Gault (7)

(1) Publishers list only

Return of the prophet

Canadian theatre's infant terrible keeps the lid off Stratford

By Mark Carnecci

In the government's bidding to put money on the disposal of unpopular life money? We're more sure—but without a couple of years to bide where the hell would this money be? It would be very odd indeed.

—John Hirsch, 1963

The self-portrait is apt. Nothing can adequately prepare for the first encounter with

Hirsch—the infinitely extended limits, the piercing nasal voice emanating from the dark bulk of a face, the absurd, story-like qualities of this theatrical prophet who has returned once again to his native land to denigrate apocalyptic visions of modern man and his dying culture. The role is a far more apt for Hirsch, who last December was appointed to a three-year term as artistic director of the Stratford Festival. An co-founder and artistic director of the Manitoba Theatre Centre (MTC) from 1958 to 1965, Hirsch was artistic director of Stratford from 1967 to 1969 and head of CBC television drama from 1974 to 1976, his outspoken opinions have been so controversial as his influence on Canadian theatre has been far-reaching.

Hirsch has suffered more than most prophets from indigenous neglect, and nowhere has this been more evident than in his interrupted relationship with Stratford. His appointment as sole artistic director was long overdue—seven years overdue, in fact, since he was blatantly ignored by the board in 1963 during its search for a successor to Jean Gosselin, despite the fact that Hirsch's pre-eminence in Canadian and international theatre marked him as the obvious candidate for the job. If the Stratford board had been allowed their druthers last year when they sought a replacement for Robin Phillips, he would have been shut out again. After much deliberation, the board finally decided on a four-person Canadian trio, unconsciously lived their two-year term and lived. Gosselin, John Dexter missed. The resulting

storm prompted government intervention and a belated plea to Hirsch to save North America's leading classical theatre, which last week opened four of the eight plays in its 26th season (see reviews, page 54).

Last year's *Future* brought into bearing false issues that have troubled Canada's theatre community for the past decade. While theatres across the country were experiencing a renaissance based largely on Canadian works

tion that infuriates Hirsch. He points out that his definition of nationalism (or "Canadianism," as he calls it) has a much wider context: the necessity for a society's culture to reflect its own times, not images borrowed from another culture. "When I talk about Canadianism, I'm not talking about chauvinism," Hirsch has said. "I'm not talking about nationalism. I'm talking about self-actualization. An artist who must create those myths which are there to be created." The principle holds true not just for playwrights but actors, too, whether they are interpreting Canadian work or the classics.

Why these ideas should be so threatening to festival boards is partially explained by the reactions to Hirsch's previous attempt to "Canadianize" Stratford in the '60s. In 1962 he directed Canadian playwright James Bayley's *Colours in the Dark* despite severe opposition from the board and festival production staff. It was a landmark for Hirsch and the festival precisely because, as he puts it, "Royce was writing about what he knew. He was writing about his own mythology." As for the charges filed to capacity each night not just with tourists and Torontonians but with hundreds of first-time patrons from the local estates described in the play, a board member snarled, "These are not the kind of people we want at the theatre."

Hirsch is trying hard to bury that attitude. He wants ticket prices lowered, pointing out that, with \$20 seats plus travel costs for most patrons, the festival is catering to an elite. He wants the town of Stratford to volunteer financial support commensurate with the estimated \$30 million the festival generates in gift-off income for the municipality. He wants government agencies to recognize in tangible terms Stratford's position as pre-eminent cultural centre and to enable their subsidies (currently amounting to 10 per cent of the budget) so that financial concerns will finally play second fiddle to artistic priorities.



Hirsch in 1965 (above right), and his mother and sister, Pauline and Sybil Stone



Hirsch productions of 'The Skyline' (1969) (above left), 'The Dybbuk' (1975) (above right), 'Saint Joan' (1980) (below left) and 'Thou Shalt Kill' (1978)



'Stratford is the last of the tents of the Mohicans—there is no other place'

This populist approach to Stratford was anathema in the '60s and '70s, but times and the board have changed. The latest incarnation of Hirsch the prophet has also changed. In his new world picture, Stratford now figures as a potent weapon against the encroaching power of darkness. "We live in a fragmented world of random, meaningless violence. As our values erode, this process will be reflected in our theatre. It is essential that Stratford exist, because it makes those values available to its audience. People are absolutely dying to hear truth, to connect, to make contact with one another." In his fight to preserve these values, Hirsch still intends to present the classics "in a Canadian way that Stratford can't do," but he has no intention of closing Stratford's doors to foreign artists: of the five directors this season, in fact only Gosselin and Sean Major are Canadian (Brian Bedford, Peter Dink and Derek Goldie come from Britain's theatre). Eventually he hopes to lay a solid core of Canadian theatre personnel capable of presenting the classics on equal terms with any invited stars from abroad.

The moral fervor this extent terrible can elicit is not immune to his messages, which he delivers to anybody who cares (or doesn't care). In fact, his has a sedating effect on administrators and bureaucrats. Says director Stephen Katis, a Hirsch protégé: "John is always fighting the bureaucracy. He doesn't suffer fools gladly, he hates mediocrity and chaos and he gets enraged by stupidity." Although the sparks from internal conflicts during Hirsch's years at the CBC rarely erupted into public conflagrations, it was no secret that he was unhappy with budgets he felt were insufficient to develop new talents. Understandably apprehensive at having let this lion into their den once more, the Stratford board nevertheless has not dispelled Hirsch's assessment of Stratford's vital cultural role. It proffers nothing but support for his plans to decentralize the festival by establishing a winter season in Toronto, to promote its product nationally and internationally and, in Hirsch's words, to "connect this richest of theatre resources to the rest of Canada's theatre ecology." Says board president John Lawton: "There has been a substantial increase in awareness on the part of the community here—Stratford is a national theatre and it should be going out to all Canadians."

In the balcony Phillips peers, artistic policy at Stratford had been a matter of Phillips' overbearing presence and the board rubber-stamped it, but last fall's chaotic demonstration decisively that



Hirsch at Stratford's trying hard to bury elitism

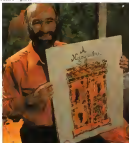
and talent, Stratford was booming: increasing colonial and isolated under English director Robin Phillips and his reported stars. Because Phillips was gifted, and popular at the box-office, the board-minded board was preoccupied about the festival's alienation from the rest of Canadian theatre. Now Hirsch's accession to the Stratford throne is viewed in some quarters as a shift toward a more relativistic approach at the expense of international contact and influences, an interpreta-

that was as longer possible. According to Hirsch, Hirsch is now allowed to appear in any meetings to the board's special committee. The board is still deeply controlled by the acting company but people gesture outside. Says literary manager Michael Schenberg: "Board members now come to my office to talk and borrow copies of the plays. This apparently was unheard of before."

If the bizarre spectacle of Hirsch and a Stratford board actually speaking to each other is followed up with artistically successful productions and a thorough implementation of Hirsch's plans, he may finally receive the respect that has long been owed him. The irony is that Hirsch does not need Canada's respect—his reputation is such that, from a career viewpoint, he doesn't have to accept Stratford. He has been offered, among others, the directorships of Israel's Habimah National Theatre and nearly every major nonprofit theatre in the United States, where his status endures the Olympic. "It's absolutely shocking that he's not recognized in Canada for what he is," says Peter Getzler, co-founder of Monocentric Theatre and executive director of the Theatre Communications Group, a service organization for U.S. nonprofit professional theatre. "John is our universal conscience, one of the few major international artists this continent has produced. He's a national treasure and you're damn lucky to have him."

Canada almost didn't have him at all. Hirsch was born in Hungary in 1908 into a middle-class Jewish home, and most of his immediate family perished in the Holocaust. He lived by eavesdropping until he was placed in a United Nations refugee camp, where he made money by turning a puppet theatre from camp to camp. During the Atlantic crossing, a large map of Canada was spread out on deck and the eavesdroppers were allowed to choose their future homes. Hirsch selected Winnipeg because it was central and therefore seemed to provide some assurance of security from invasion. Within a year of his arrival in 1947, knowing little English, he founded a puppet theatre. Sponsored by the Junior League of Winnipeg, he then started a children's theatre with Tim Hendry, now producer of Toronto Free Theatre, a collaboration that eventually resulted in the founding of the ITC, Canada's first regional theatre and the model for the Canadian nonprofit community theatres.

The truman that adoptive ties are stronger than blood ties certainly applies to Hirsch, who was adopted both as a son and citizen. Devoted to his second family, the Shacks, Hirsch shows his 59-year-old mother in Winnipeg every Sunday and visits whenever he can, returning to Toronto laden with problems and heretics. His enthusiasm for Canada is equally unabated. Says Hirsch: "It's an aberration to be called a nationalist by people in your own country. To this day I do not understand why we cannot say more openly—and repeat it more often—how much we love this place."



People are absolutely dying to hear truth, to make contact with one another'

His guiding sense of the importance of traditional values has been shaped in a large extent by the ongoing evolution of his Jewish faith. Although his family had been assimilated Jews in Hungary, Hirsch says that with the Shacks "it became very Jewish. I had a huge self-awareness as a child, with the whole world collapsing. I was constantly being told I was guilty. But in Winnipeg you declared your Jewishness. This wasn't possible in Hungary—in the end they shot you." This process culminated in his adaptation, and production in 1974, of *The Dybbuk* (a traditional Yiddish play about a girl possessed by a spirit), which Hirsch feels was "a tremendous source of personal liberation." His public image reflects this inner search for meaning. Peter Singer calls him the Theatre Communications Group's "house rabbi," a fitting epithet

for Hirsch's musical prelections. "John is infused with spiritualism," says Gail Singer, a film-maker and close friend. "Among his friends in Toronto he's a kind of patriarch in a large family." Hirsch's spiritual quest is only one of many endeavors that enrich his art and private life. He is a poet, playwright (he has written a dozen children's plays) and painter whose active, colorful and accurate works decorate the walls of the ravine-side Toronto home he shares with artist Brian Trotter. An accomplished cook, when he can't sleep he sometimes spends nights in the kitchen. "I like cooking because in the theatre you don't get instant results—in cooking you do," he says. "However, you're also in total control of the ingredients, so it's a sense of it's the same process as directing."

Hirsch claims he always wanted to spend his life in the theatre. "The strong influences really go way, way back to when you're young and very impressionable," he says, recalling that as a child in Hungary he was exposed to theatre of all kinds from variety shows to opera. His dramatical debut came at the age of 5 when he put on a puppet show in an elaborate green velvet-lined box with burning candles which eventually signified the set in Hirsch's lifelong fascination with theatre. This gave him a cosmopolitan understanding actors recognize and welcome. Says Martha Henry, who performed in Hirsch productions at Stratford and initially 30 years ago at the ITC: "Certain directors, like certain scripts—Shakespeare or Chekhov—you can always trust. You know the task is not there, if I want, I know I will get it eventually."

A hallmark of Hirsch's directing is his impassioned opening remarks to the cast and technical crew. Says Hirsch: "They've got to know why I've spent six months in Winnipeg doing this show. I do plays because there's something in the process deeply connected with me—it's like a child with a cakewalk deficiency licking walls. You have to be personal as you're not doing art." Perhaps because of this intense personalism, Hirsch loves parties quickly, especially with technicians and stage managers. "I'm very fast," he notes, "and once I get going a lot of people get lost along the way. I work very openly—I don't come tumbling out of my rehearsal, confident I'm on track and forth—a bit of Zong, a bit of cooking; it can be bewildering."

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The last and best-known have driven Hirsch to strange corners—he once had his female lead in *Saint Joan* to a stool because she kept performing "some kind of offensive ballet" during the final scene—and he can't sleep heavily on sensitive payees. Keith Turnbull, artistic director of Toronto's NOW Theatre and assistant director at Stratford under Hirsch, comments "Working with him is a very intense relationship. He can be cruel, single-minded to the point of mindlessness, yet he is never dishonest." Says Heath Lambert, Canada's leading comic actor: "I've seen him out artists to the bone."

And for the record as well as *King of Remembrance*. In 1982 and 1979 he directed the musical spectacular that featured more than 500 artists from across the country and crowned the Festival of Canada celebration on Parliament Hill.

As theatre maelstrom, Hirsch has few peers. His vibrant guest production of *Three Sisters* at Stratford in 1976, critically acclaimed for its comic insights, ensured that Phillips would never write him back. But what distinguishes Hirsch from most superstar directors is his total commitment to a role for theatre in a society's struggle to define itself and maintain lasting human val-

ues about the need to support Canadian culture, he acknowledges that until the early '70s, "The idea was always in my brain that if you didn't go to New York then you were thoroughly nothing." So he went many times, directing to official socialism off-Broadway and at Lincoln Center until he had nothing left to prove. However, he still feels "because of my commitment to this country, from time to time I've got to go out—your working against such incredible odds, against this country's negative perception of its own culture." And although his statements reveal genuine altruism and social concern, he is anything but a naïf. "I'm a realist, consider. An indefatigable showman and hustler, his recent plans for Stratford have featured beguiling appeals to his audience's nobler instincts blended with strong personal self-interest. As director Turnbull notes, "John always keeps his self-interest very strong."

Although these appearances have been already started, contrary, for perhaps the first time in his life Hirsch has been granted a year of grace. Because of prior commitments he was unable to assume full-time duties as artistic director of Stratford until May 1, and he will not be directing that year. The 1981 season is largely the result of efforts by producer Marjorie Sherwin, a longtime associate, working in consultation with Hirsch, and it is an acknowledged miracle that she and the festival staff are presenting a season at all. Hirsch is insistent that the festival always end and that it is not out of danger yet. "Standard disaster when models disappear," he has commented. "And that's frightening because eventually people will no longer know what good really is. They simply won't recognize the difference. Stratford is the last of the tents of the Malins—there is no other place."

The emergency of last fall's crisis should ensure that, even if this season fails artistically, the profits will come from the rabidly pro-Dexter Toronto Star will have a hard time justifying picking at the caustic *Maniacville*, the government has made its own position clear. Says Walter Kerr, head of theatre for the National Theatre School by the rabidly pro-Dexter Toronto Star will have a hard time justifying picking at the caustic *Maniacville*, the government has made its own position clear. Says Walter Kerr, head of theatre for the National Theatre School by the rabidly pro-Dexter Toronto Star will have a hard time justifying picking at the caustic *Maniacville*, the government has made its own position clear.

One of the noisy paradoxes about Hirsch is that he doesn't always practice what he preaches. While publicizing



I do plays because there's something in the process deeply connected with me.

man

man in the theatre. He has been sensational to me. He literally took me by the hand and taught me how to talk."

Despite his thorough intellectual probing during a production, Hirsch has no patience with theatre that does not reach its audience—a audience—at the most basic emotional level. "It's no accident," says a friend of Hirsch's, "that when I saw his last work around Stratford's lovely-tasty dance department in the '60s. Says director Kate "John can't stand pretentious drama—he has a keen eye for the public. When I was at CBC, he told me I didn't want any of that fancy stuff—I want them all to cry at the end."

Equally at home with Shakespeare or *Jack Jones*, Hirsch's sense of what the public most enjoys and how far it can be persuaded to explore new territory was demonstrated during his tenure at CBC, where he was responsible for *A Gift to*

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With two palpable hits and no total disasters, the Stratford Festival has successfully run its opening-week gauntlet. Although *Twelfth Night* sales have been about 10 per cent lower on average than in previous years, favourable audience response to the four initial productions (Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, Gilbert and Sullivan's *H.M.S. Pinafore*, and Milne's *The Moonshiners*) should ensure accelerating sales in the weeks to come.

Director Brian Bedford's daring production of *Coriolanus* is an electrifying reminder of Stratford's immense theatrical potential. Bedford's trademarks—his masterly deployment of actors on the thrust stage, inventive choreographic lighting, declamatory speech patterns and sinister music—definitely complemented his scriptural reading of Peter Andreou's last year and now work superbly in *Coriolanus*. Musically aided, the play is a crystal distillation of the body politic which defies all labels. Throughout this martial epic, the Roman plebs are accurately and accurately wood and misapplied, ethnic and flowing from all corners of the theatre to engulf the stage. As *Coriolanus*, their war here and haughty would-be rural, along with it. The embodiment of war, Lee Corvo articulates this role magnificently, but his physical presence in stolid and his movements at times do not match his emotional responsiveness.

Bedford has again taken liberties with Shakespeare's text, but they are legitimate ones. The cuts and changes to the speeches of Aufidius (Scott Ryland), Coriolanus' lifelong enemy, have made him less a schemer and more nobly mendacious, a worthy lover-for Coriolanus—when the two fight, they grapple weaponless like the warriors on a Greek vase. These excruciations and the elimination of certain crowd scenes, leaving the play's emotional tensions into sharper focus and the more Coriolanus' character, especially his relationship to his mother, Valonia. Al-

though Barbara Clossini's reading of her is initially on one note, she achieves a tragic grandeur in the final confrontation with her son as he eventually acknowledges his humanity and pronounces his own death sentence. With the exception of the tribunes and leading citizens, Bedford appears to have paid little attention to the supporting cast, still, the bookbinder guarantees that his next audience will be eagerly anticipated.



Flatt (left) and Corvo in 'Shrew', squarely confronting the issue

A steady start

Stratford productions maintain high standards

Peter Dews is as restrained a director as Bedford is flamboyant, and in a sense that has been seen shrews brand that anyone cared to remember, his thoughtful interpretation of this difficult piece is a remarkable achievement. The *Taming of the Shrew* is a play within a play, but the text as it stands does not return the actors to the outer play once the inner play is finished. Dews has grafted on a clanging theme borrowed from another Elizabethan version of the play. The addition affects the inner play (where the actual taming of Kate takes place) throughout the production, the framing distances the story, removing it to an almost dream-

like Aeschylus where emotions are less strident and volatile.

This is especially important since Petruchio's patronized domestication of Kate has made the play a parable from the viewpoint of contemporary social politics. But instead of a stirring anecdote or reinterrogating this issue Dews confronts it squarely, uncovering reasons which as a long way toward rejecting the apparent imbalance between husband and wife. Rather than enduring humiliation, Kate eventually takes up Petruchio's challenge to play a game inseparable to both of them. Sherry Platt skillfully conveys each leap as Kate's growing self-awareness, and Lee Corvo's bulging with just the right pinch of irony. More important, behind their spirited bickering, love and anger are clearly evident. Dews has appropriately stylized much of the supporting comedy and, though this production never reaches the sublime, it satisfies.

Least successful and most disappointing is former Stratford assistant director Jean Gascon's *The Moonshiners*. Played virtually without movement in dazzling costumes under glaring lights, this comic opera of Milne's works becomes more of an intellectual exercise than a complex probe into the conflicting demands of social conscience and individual integrity. Although all the characterizations are powerful, only Brian Bedford necessarily made the weak character of Henry a compelling subtext to their own actions. Every actress of his pretentious, fear-square Alcibiades provoked gains of some relief. Patience was eventually rewarded in the poignant final scene where Calista (Sherry Platt) responds fondly and gives her love for Alcibiades, but until then not even Milne can ripple the flatlands of Gascon's one-dimensional perspective.

At the Avon Theatre, Lee's Major's production of *H.M.S. Pinafore* is a globe of restrictions that add up to enjoyable enough entertainment overall. Musically this *Pinafore* is spoken

clear—the sound is rich and bracing, though occasionally too operatic for its own good. The acting ranges from the seemingly cheap (Olga Dencin as the First Lord of the Admiralty) to the suitably grand (James McLean as Ralph Ricketts). But the main dilemma is Major's, to send up or not to send up. Overwise bits of *Major's*—during wedding jabs—into point, knowing tears at the audience—only complicate his basically traditional approach which, if adhered to unswervingly, might have done the job admirably.

Coriolanus accepted, the opening productions generally played it safe, in keeping with artistic director John Hirsch's professed intention of making the classics clear and accessible. The company has surprising depth, and production standards, always Stratford's glory, are as high as ever. If these beach marks are maintained, Stratford's future could stabilize for more quickly than anyone might have predicted.

—MARK GANWICK



Corvo (above) in 'Coriolanus'; Platt and Bedford in 'The Moonshiners'; two palpable hits and no total disasters



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TO KNOW WHAT'S RIGHT IN ADVERTISING, WRITE FOR THE RULES.

High-muck-a-mucks in heat

Ottawa's denizens secretly enjoy existing in such a punishing sterility

By Allan Fotheringham

Harry James, in 1905, traced Philadelphia and found that on Sunday mornings its boulevard was "vacant of everything but an immeasurable bougeois blankness." Ah, that ring familiar. Another visitor to the city in the same era, the famed journalist Lincolne Steffen, found it "boring and contented." The chap's descriptive powers were wasted. What we should have done is preserve their acuity in aspic and turn them loose, in 1981, on Ottawa. It is a town whose contradicting triviality, in the vague June lameness, requires the finest of biographers. Ottawa is so unique, so all-pervasive in its influence on this country's psyche, that in due respect to its charms it deserves only the most delicate of descriptions. It is so corrupt and so contented that someone who could denigrate, say, Toronto or Montreal or Vancouver, is perforce barred from an autopsy on Ottawa. Essentially, it calls up a certain B and O predilection, a latent for whips and whipsaws, as, tucked in an assessment on Ham-on-the-Ridge.

The essence of Ottawa, in this frilly-flocked early summer heat, can be grasped on Sparks Street, the former main drag of the swamp town that has been carved into a pedestrian mall in vain hopes of injecting some humanity into what is basically and irrevocably an inhospitable ambience. Scattered sculptures and faithless fountains speckle this attempt at pseudo-flora, and the idea is that a moral free flow of pedestrian traffic through what could be a brick Omaha will transfuse a touch of humanity into a parasite-city. At each narrow cross street there is a traffic light—designed for the cure. But the gentlemanly Ottawa gentleman, conditioned to stop—stand dutifully, watching absently the usually empty two lanes of traffic, and refuse to proceed the further 12 steps of their

casual stroll until the unrelenting red light (their master, their guide, their Ottawa mind-speak) tells them that it is okay to proceed. Only in Germany have I ever seen such blind, unthinking obedience at the street level. It is not learned. It is conditioned. Ottawa has ways to make you conform.

At the base, of course, is the dotty Queen Victoria, without ever having seen the site, picking this Valhalla of mosquitoes and bad place conventions as the capital, a place you would other-



wise never stick one for Aunt Brn-holds unwilling a will that seemed poorness. On the Sparks Street Mall, layabouts from the Ottawa Valley, their tacky beards indicating they have not been informed the 1980s have ended, placidly pick away at their guitars, their empty old-drums cases before them indicating their talents. Civil servants stand enraptured at noon hours, their daily struggle with the pension plan suspended for use this saracouria, listening to a free David and David playing on the mall. The subsidy never not from city hall but from Amnesty International.

There is a suspended animation syndrome to the place. Coarse hand-delivered speeches of cabinet ministers that come, deliver a hint, a hint, in the Minister's presence. The heavy cover-ups, encompassing it must cost 75 cents—all on the speech destined for the waste basket will not be missed. Air Canada drivers tickets, reserved four days previously, in a schedule marked

stop. Government trucks at garden parties wear three-pine sails of ball-proof wool, their flirty eyes aimed more at perambulation than perspiration. It is a town in constant sweat of anticipation—leave the goal, pension the heaven.

The official press briefing lot for the Ottawa Economic Summit that will begin seven world leaders in July states, with a straight face, that the climate of Ottawa "is generally congenial in the summer, though it can be somewhat humid." This is known as bureaucratic licence, in the sense that downtown Bangkok and the upper Amazon are generally congenial in the summer. If you are, that is, a marmot. People who persist in Ottawa are people who, when you get down to it, enjoy being punished, three-short endurance experts in the season that passes for summer, frigid rodents with rigid digits in the winter, howling in their suffering. The Marquis de Sade could have had a lot to say about this town—and could possibly expand upon his penitentialism.

The fix the country is in can be explained a lot by the fact that the people who run it, all denizens of this borg, secretly enjoy existing in such a punishing sterility and, by transference, wish to pass on the suffering to those set in the boardrooms who are deprived of Ottawa's sublimous masochism. The country needs a shrink more than it needs a prime minister.

The illness of Ottawa goes beyond the routinely repeated fact that there are only three types of animals in town—politicians, servile servants and journalists, all sucking at the same giant teat, the taxpayer. It is that they all grovel and waver and wallow in the suffering, isolated refugees on a planet floating in a void, bereft of humanizing quaffs, deprived of an ordinary citizen, exalted by people who would actually in their real lives prefer to be elsewhere but are trapped in this giant libelous swirl on a sea of gas, perfume and obsequiousness. It's not a fit living for a grown man.



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